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A FATHER'S TALES

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION:

COMPRISING

THE KING AND QUEEN; THE ROYAL CHILDREN;
THE VISCOUNT'S FAMILY; TOMMY, THE ENGLISH ORPHAN;
AND MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

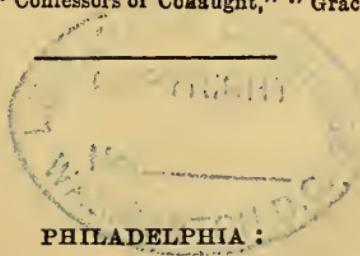
Mary L. Meaney

FIRST SERIES.

By the Author of "Confessors of Connaught," "Grace Morton," &c

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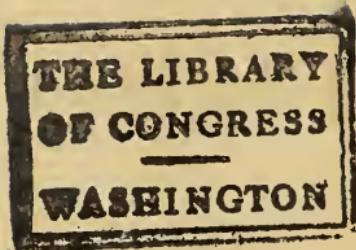


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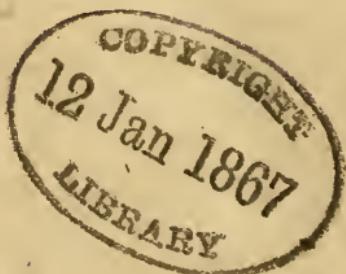


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AN INTRODUCTION.

“Now father, you have time to tell us those stories of the French Revolution you have been so long promising us.”

With these words a group of eager children surrounded the sofa on which their father lay, suffering with a sprained ankle. A smile brightened his face as he looked on his bright, intelligent boys and girls.

“But, my dears,” interposed the thoughtful mother, “while your father is in so much pain you do not expect him to amuse you with stories? It is rather your place now to amuse him.”

“They did so most successfully yesterday,” said the kind father, “so I suppose I must indulge them to-day. It is a good while since I made that promise, and this is a very fitting time to redeem it. While dwelling on those scenes of terror and woe in which so much heroic fortitude and patience were displayed, the recollection will serve to curb my impatience under this trifling affection.”

“Oh, father! you impatient!” exclaimed the children, surprised and a little indignant that such a charge should be made even by himself; for who knew better than they and mother how patiently he bore pain and sickness? Mr. White was a Christian in spirit as well as in name, and knew that to be so he must bear willingly whatever cross was laid upon him.

“Well, we are to begin the stories.

Shall they be true or fictitious one, little folks?"

"True ones, dear father, if you please," was the general cry.

"About the poor King, and his wife and little children," pleaded blue-eyed Katy. "The dear, good King—I'm so sorry they killed him."

"Bah! it served him right," said her brother Charles, stoutly. "If he had acted like a man he would have saved himself and France too."

"Can you tell us, Master Charles, how he should have acted to produce that happy result!" queried his father, dryly.

"Why, ordered his soldiers to shoot down those who wanted to raise a row," was the ready answer.

"Suppose the soldiers would rather take part in raising the row—what then?"

"Then collect the people—the true peo-

ple, I mean—tell them how things were going, and get them to stand by him and the right.”

“Suppose even these true people were divided among themselves, some thinking he ought to yield to his disaffected subjects, others that he should put them down by main force, that many among these true people were luke-warm friends, caring little for him or the right so they could secure their own interests; and others, secret foes, who, while pretending devotion to the King and the nation, were covertly trying every means to ruin both. What then, my young statesman?”

Charles looked puzzled. “But was that the case, father?”

“That was really the case, my boy.”

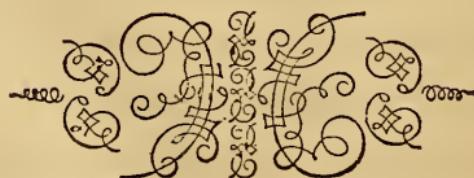
“I thought it was all the King’s fault,” said Charles, doubtfully.

“So did I,” chimed in his cousin James.

“ You know our history of France makes Louis XVI. appear a good natured sort of man, ‘ amiable but weak-minded and wholly destitute of decision of character: and it intimates that a ruler like Napoleon would soon have put down the difficulty.’

“ Perhaps so, but this is by no means certain. You must take into account something which your school history does not mention—that the chief instigators of the work that produced the Reign of Terror, were animated by that spirit of hostility to the altar and the throne which, from the days of Calvin, had disturbed the peace of the nation. These enemies of the Church, joining hands with the infidels, had procured the suppression of the Jesuits in France by order of Louis XV. Having so far triumphed they were encouraged to pursue their schemes for the total overthrow of Catholicity in that nation which

bears the honored title of eldest daughter of the Church. The monarchy stood in their way; therefore it was necessary that it also should be crushed. These projects, if openly avowed, would have been rejected with horror by the people. Hence they were artfully disguised by such specious pretences as securing the rights of the people—putting down aristocratic oppression; establishing universal liberty. The people fell into the snare and the sad results astonished and horrified the world. But it is time to begin our stories, and Katy wants to hear something of the royal family."



CHAPTER I.

THE KING AND THE QUEEN.

DN a fine summer afternoon, three boys stood at a window in the palace of the Tuilleries, the ancient residence of the Kings of France. It was a fair scene on which they gazed, with the bright sunshine lighting up the magnificent gardens, adding its own gorgeousness to the gay masses of flowers, and making the cool shadows cast by the old trees all the more beautiful from the contrast. Sentinels paraded to and fro, their handsome uniforms and bright weapons glittering in the sunbeams. A joyous multitude thronged the beautiful groves. Under the great chestnut trees children played merrily; their various costumes, as the happy little

creatures flitted back and forth, adding not a little to the brilliancy of the spectacle.

The boys at the palace window looked down on the charming scene with a pleasure in which mingled a good deal of the pride of ownership, for that stately palace was their home; they were grandsons of the reigning king, Louis XV. Pride and vanity are the earliest developed feelings in most hearts; they are like noxious weeds in the garden, which will spring up spite of the gardener's vigilance, and tax his patience and industry to eradicate them. It was not strange that those lads, piously trained as they were, had imbibed high notions of the rank which was their birthright. They were accustomed to see themselves treated with the utmost deference by the proudest nobles of the Court; they saw their names written with a long string of titles and orders, which could not fail to fill their young minds with a lively sense of their own importance. As

they looked out on the garden, they began in boyish fashion to dispute whose title was the prettiest, calling over the long list, admiring and then rejecting each name in turn; but the eldest suddenly seemed to lose his interest in the subject, and became silent and thoughtful. His brothers, noticing this, were the more eager to have him go on, and say which of his titles he liked best.

“None of them,” was his reply. “I like best the name that was given to me this morning.” Then, at the boy’s urgent entreaty, he continued: “I was walking through the garden with General de L. A woman sat on one of the benches, with a little boy and girl beside her; they were crying, and the poor woman looked as if she could cry too. I soon found out what was their trouble. They were not beggars, but they were very poor, and—”

Here the young prince stopped abruptly, and turned away as if he did not wish to say more, but the others would not let him off.

"You gave them all the money you had, of course; that is one's duty,—well, what then, Louis?"

"Then she kissed my hand and said, 'My little lord, may you always be the benefactor of the poor!'"

"And that's the title you like best? You're such a child, Louis!" The two little fellows laughed heartily at their brother's childishness, and resumed their previous subject of discussion, whose title was the grandest.

While they were thus engaged, a noble looking gentleman entered the room. He was their father, the Dauphin, a man as distinguished for his virtues as for his high rank. He listened for a few moments to the eager dialogue of the boys, who, becoming aware of his presence, sprang to embrace him, and refer their claims to his decision. But he, smilingly, refused to act as umpire.

A few days afterwards he called his three sons, and showed them the parish

registers of baptism, in which their names were simply inscribed with those of other children.

“You see,” he then said, “that here your names are mixed and confounded with those of the people. This shows you that the distinctions you enjoy are not the gift of nature, who has made all men equal. It is only virtue that makes any true difference between them; and it may be that the child of the poor man, whose name precedes yours, will be more great in the eyes of God than you will ever be in the eyes of the people.”

The younger boys looked down abashed by this gentle rebuke of their foolish fancies, but the eldest, leaning his head on his father’s shoulder whispered a promise never to forget the lesson.

“Oh, yes, brother intends to be a second Saint Louis,” and the boys gaily told of the poor woman’s compliment with which he had been so pleased. They believed

he preferred her title even to that of King of France.

"I do not wish that title—I shall never be King," said the affectionate youth, putting his arms closer round his idolized father, who returned the caress as he answered:

"In the providence of God you may in future years enjoy that proud title, my son. If so, remember that though you may not be one of the greatest or most fortunate of your country's monarchs, you may, if you wish, be one of the best."

The young Prince always remembered this conversation, and I have often thought that it exercised a lasting influence on his career, for his memory is dear to all nations as the good and virtuous, though unfortunate King, Louis, XVI.

A few years passed. Louis XV. died. His son, the Dauphin, had been already called to receive the reward of his virtues in the heavenly kingdom. Our young Louis, in his twentieth year found his brow encircled with the kingly diadem

which was to prove to him truly a crown of thorns. The first years of his reign, however, were prosperous, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that he possessed the affection of his people. In his family he experienced happiness such as seldom falls to the lot of monarchs. With his brothers and his sister, the amiable Princess Elizabeth, he ever maintained the most affectionate intercourse: and his marriage with Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, secured his domestic happiness. Some writers, whose prejudices warp their judgment, have represented this marriage as one of the chief causes of the woes that afterwards befell the nation. They talk of the evils of Austrian influences, the haughtiness of the young Queen, her extravagance and love of show. It was almost inevitable that she should be a little spoiled by the excessive adulation she received in France, where her beauty and accomplishments were the theme of every tongue. But

while admitting this, it is only just to remember also her great virtues; and that her disposition was intrinsically noble and generous, was proved during the trying scenes that marked the last years of her life. As Americans, we owe the beautiful Marie Antoinette a debt of gratitude which should make us lenient in judging of her foibles. From the commencement of our revolutionary struggle, she entered warmly into Lafayette's projects for helping the cause of freedom; and her influence, which was all-powerful with the King, at length prevailed on him to furnish that material aid—in men, ships, money, and munitions of war—without which the rebellious colonies could never have succeeded in gaining their independence.

The dark days of the revolution drew on, and Louis XVI. saw his kingly power slipping from his grasp. Vain were his concessions to the clamorous populace; the more he yielded the more insolent grew their demands. Had he been a despotic

sovereign, firmly intent on upholding his own power, and unscrupulous as to the means that would accomplish this purpose, he might, perhaps, have succeeded in putting down the spirit of revolt, as had been done by two of his predecessors, (Charles IX. and Louis XIV.) But he was too humane and too deeply attached to his subjects, to employ cruel or arbitrary measures against them. The leading principle with which he began his reign animated him even to the end—his desire was to be the father of his people, not the oppressor of any. From the commencement of the troubles his firm determination, as he often declared, was “that no drop of French blood should be shed by his order,” and how faithfully he adhered to that purpose history tells.

The 17th of July, 1789, was a memorable day, in the King’s life. Then began the long series of open insults and outrages which made his life thenceforward a continual martyrdom. The people of Paris

insisted on a visit from the King. To go thither from Versailles was a perilous movement, and his friends endeavored to dissuade him from it. But Louis, though sharing their apprehensions, that death or imprisonment awaited him, resolved to comply with the people's request. The night of the 16th was spent in preparations for whatever event the morrow might witness. As far as he was able he arranged matters which he deemed of vital importance to the country, and nominated his brother Lieutenant of France, in case of his own detention at Paris.

Then the pious monarch, who in prosperity and adversity was equally faithful in his service to the King of kings, gave his mind to prayer and preparation for receiving the blessed sacrament at the day-break mass. How pure and fervent were the sentiments in which he communicated; how entirely he offered himself in union with the adorable sacrifice of the altar, renouncing all desires save that of doing

and suffering whatever God willed or permitted, we may judge by his after conduct. Very sad was the little congregation assembled that morning in the palace chapel. The royal family and the members of the court—the officers of the guards and the servants of the palace, all were oppressed with gloomy forebodings, and we can well believe that from the most tepid souls there as well as from the devout, earnest supplications arose to heaven on behalf of him who well merited their loyal regard.

At an early hour the king left Versailles, after a solemn parting with his family and friends. He rode in a plain carriage, unattended by guards, the members of the National Assembly, then in session at Versailles, accompanying him on foot. At three o'clock in the afternoon the procession reached the gates of Paris, where two hundred thousand men, composing the National Guard, were drawn up in military array to receive the king. The whole population of the city seemed in

uproar. They thronged the streets, the balconies and the house-tops, filling the air with tumultuous cries of "Live the Nation!" Not one voice sent up the old familiar shout, "*Long live the King!*" The sensitive monarch must have keenly felt the omission. In the capital of the nation, which his proud race had ruled for eight centuries, he seemed utterly forsaken. When he looked on the members of the Assembly who so closely surrounded his carriage, as if to honor and protect him by their presence, he could but remember that he had convoked them under the old title of States-General, by the desire of the people, to assist him in reforming abuses. But they had quickly seized the legislative authority, constituted themselves the "National Assembly, one and indivisible," and secretly undermining the old government, were now in reality masters of king and people. And the National Guard, lining his way to the Hotel de Ville—Louis had authorized the establishment of

this army, but it was not at his command now. Thus escorted and surrounded by foes and usurpers of his authority, the king entered the spacious hall, which was presently filled with a dense multitude. The new mayor of the city commenced proceedings by presenting him the tri-colored cockade, the emblem of the new government. Louis received it in silence, and pinned it upon his hat, thus adopting the popular cause. This act excited the enthusiasm of the crowd, and now the old-fashioned shout “*Vive le Roi!*” burst from all lips with an energy and fervor that deeply moved the king. Turning to one of his attendants he exclaimed with emotion, “My heart stands in need of such shouts from the people.” Having made this concession to the popular feeling, the king was next required to give his sanction to the various proceedings of the municipality, which were now read; Louis, by his silence, assenting to all. What a mockery was this! what inexpressible

humiliation to the sovereign who, robbed of his rightful authority, was thus consulted about measures which, however repugnant to his views, he could not oppose.

But there was yet another trial, the climax to all the sufferings of that day, Mayor Bailly thought it fitting to lead him to the balcony, that the gaping crowds in the street might be gratified by the sight of their king *wearing the tri-colored cockade*. The delight of the people at this was unbounded. Sad and silent the king stood before them. One glance at the bright summer sky, and then meekly accepting this crowning indignity, the royal victim bowed his head, and tears which told the anguish of his noble heart streamed down his pale cheeks, as he listened to the approving shouts of those who, had they possessed one spark of manly or generous feeling, would have been shamed into silence by this touching spectacle of their sovereign's humiliation.

Meantime, to the court at Versailles, how wearily had passed the hours of that long summer day. The queen, almost in despair, employed herself in composing an address to the Assembly, which she intended to present in person in the event of the king being detained a prisoner. One of the ladies of the court, Madame Campan, has recorded that it began thus:—“Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign. Do not suffer those who have been united in heaven to be put asunder on earth.” While committing the address to memory, she often gave way to tears and lamentations, exclaiming wildly, “They will never let him return.”

But at a late hour in the evening, the joyful exclamations of the courtiers announced that her husband had returned in safety. What a rapturous welcome awaited him. Pleasure beamed on every countenance. His devoted wife, still weeping but now with joy, met him on the stairs,

and threw herself into his arms ; his fair young daughter and the little dauphin shared in the embrace, and all clinging lovingly together, ascended to the grand saloon, scarcely able to believe in the reality of their happiness. Louis had now regained his usual serenity. With the magnanimity which distinguished him, he had buried all the bitter recollections of the day, and now thought only of the good feeling which seemed to be re-established between himself and his subjects. In a spirit of fervent gratitude to Him in whom he trusted he could rejoice that this end was attained, even at such cost to himself. But his sanguine hopes were doomed to disappointment. That day was but the type of many others which were to test his patience and fortitude, and on which his mental sufferings were immeasurably increased by seeing his family exposed to similar indignities, while he was unable to protect them.

After one of these scenes, when the mob

had forced themselves into the presence of the queen, and with fierce imprecations threatened to take her life, the Assembly obliged the royal family to remove to Paris, under the pretence that they would be more safe there, but in reality to prevent the possibility of their escape from France.

At the Tuilleries they found that they were in reality prisoners. So closely were they guarded and watched that it was only by stratagem, and in the darkness and silence of night, the king, his sister, and the queen, were able to perform their Easter duties. The new rulers of France, haunted by fears and suspicions, as tyrants always are, dreaded that even the pious chaplain would be able to rescue their royal captives from the midst of armed guards and watchful spies.

While the king was thus held in captivity, the conspirators against the throne made rapid progress in their work. Already they had effected radical changes in

the government. The royal authority was, in effect, annihilated; the privileges of the nobles and clergy abolished. Next freedom of the press was established,—that is, freedom to scoff at everything sacred, to execrate and villify “the old system,” and laud “the new one” to the skies. Religious liberty was proclaimed; and as a specimen of what this boasted liberty was to be, the monastéries, peaceful abodes of religion and learning during ages, were suppressed, and the church lands confiscated. The next step was to form a constitution, establishing a limited monarchy, and the equality of all ranks. This constitution was accepted by the king. Steady in his love for his misguided subjects, he was willing to sacrifice, at their demand, all the rights and privileges to which he was legally entitled. That this compliance, however, did not proceed from weakness or cowardice, as some have asserted, was evident from the firmness with which he refused his sanction to the decree the **As.**

sembly had passed against the ministers of religion. His own rights he was always willing to yield; the rights of the Church, never. This firmness incensed the populace still more against him. There was no longer safety for the king's family in the palace. The royal troops could not be depended on; all but a few had been either bribed or terrified into joining "the cause of the people."

The tenth of August, 1792, dawned upon a strange and terrifying spectacle. The mob had gathered for a final assault on royalty. An immense multitude blocked up the streets in the vicinity of the Tuilleries; the banks of the Seine were black with the swarming crowds; far as the eye could reach throngs of infuriated men and women were to be seen. In the beautiful grounds of the chateau alone quietness reigned. The sentinels, calm and stern as ever, paced the avenues, their bright weapons and gay uniforms adding to the gorgeous appearance of the

gardens, where masses of summer's latest and richest flowers were in full bloom. Eight hundred Swiss guards were loitering about the entrance of the palace, on the staircases and landings. All the other troops had proved faithless. These men alone, faithful to their trust, awaited, with unshaken calmness, the rude onset of the populace. Within the palace things wore a new and gloomy aspect. There was all the confusion of a besieged fortress, without its safety. Military men and gleaming weapons met the eye at every turn. Officers, whose stern-set features told that they were ready to meet the coming storm, were constantly passing to and fro from the garden to the apartments of the king. A few of the nobles of the Court, too brave and too generous to think of their own safety while their queen was in danger, gathered near her apartments, the forlorn hope of royalty, ready to share her fate and die in her defence.

And that queen,—who could tell what

she suffered? All the night long, she, with her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, went back and forth from one saddening scene to another in anxiety that would not allow them to think of rest. Now with the king, cheering and inspiring him by their affectionate sympathy,—now bending over the couches of the royal children, for whom the fond mother and aunt were oppressed with grievous fears,—again gliding to the council chamber, where the ministers were sitting, in hope of hearing some plan proposed that would promise relief. In crossing the rooms and entries where their faithful defenders maintained their sad vigil, how nobly they restrained their tears, and by kind words and gracious smiles inspired those heroic men with fresh ardor. It was truly a touching spectacle, and one that would not fail to inspire manly hearts with compassion, generosity and courage—those two noble and beautiful women wandering through a palace, filled with armed men, all night

long; both regardless of their own danger, trembling only for the life of a husband and brother, and for those helpless children who slumbered so tranquilly in the midst of grief and danger.

Thus the long hours wore on and the dreaded morning dawned at last. The royal family came forth from the darkness of that terrible night, to find themselves hemmed in by enemies a hundred thousand and strong, to hear the multitude shrieking and clamoring for vengeance, while attacking with fiendish fury the little band who stood firm in their persecuted sovereign's cause. In the first onset two of those faithful guards were slain, and the women like a throng of demons rushed into the gardens, menacing the guards, and with their pikes uprooting the beautiful flowers, as zealously as they had already uprooted every good and humane feeling from their hearts.

Meantime the royal family had gathered in the council chamber. The queen, pale,

but courageous as ever, sat upon a stool, anxiously listening to the deliberations of the ministers. Her children clung to her in silent terror; Madame Elizabeth was by her side, and close by stood the king, regarding the little group with looks of keenest anguish.

Around the hall hovered the few devoted adherents of the throne asking only the sad privilege of being near the objects of their loyal affection, in this hour of their utter sorrow and humiliation. When it was decided that the royal family must place themselves under the protection of the Assembly, the little procession went forth in silent sorrow to behold their beloved sovereigns abdicate the throne. Calmly though with sadness Louis pronounced the solemn words of abdication.

Beside him stood the queen, ready to share his dangers and humiliations in the future, with even more courage and devotedness than she had shown in the past. Never, in the most brilliant scenes of her

reign, had Marie Antoinette looked so noble and queenlike in the estimation of her weeping attendants, as at that moment, when renouncing all earthly dignities and hopes. Though her saddened countenance told how keenly she felt the trials which wounded her every feeling as woman, queen, wife, and mother, yet the gracious dignity of manner which had always distinguished her, remained unaltered.— Thus sorrowful, but calm and uncomplaining, she passed with her royal husband from the throne to the Temple, which was to be for a time the prison of this afflicted family.

One consolation attended their imprisonment; they were still all together; and, animated by the deepest affection for one another, and upheld by the spirit of religion, they not only bore their great reverse of fortune with patience, but even contrived to spend their time usefully, as circumstances permitted. The education of the children was not neglected. King

Louis heard their lessons, and failed not to draw their attention to everything that could elevate and inspire their docile minds. From the queen and Madame Elizabeth they received instructions in drawing and music. At stated hours—for in this little prison household all things were conducted with regularity and order—the king or his sister would read aloud, while the queen was busy with the embroidery work of which she was so fond. The two ladies had also another occupation, a strange one for royal fingers—mending the poor and scant supply of garments which remained to them. In everything they conformed to their altered circumstances with the graceful ease that had characterized them amid far different scenes.

But this peaceful state of affairs could not long continue. The enemies of the dethroned monarch, thirsting for his blood, soon had him separated from the objects of his fond affection and thrown into a lonely cell to prepare for trial. The little

party left in the Temple were now indeed desolate and afflicted. They could no longer pursue the employments and amusements which had hitherto beguiled the weary days; all other thoughts and cares were lost in intense anxiety for the king. By means of his faithful attendant, Clery, they occasionally heard from him, but the tidings of his mock trial dispelled every hope they had tried to entertain. Happy was it for the devoted wife and sister in that time of anguish that their trust was fixed on a heavenly comforter; that true piety softened in some degree the bitterness of their affliction. And happy for the king that a life spent in the practice of virtue had prepared him to trust with humble confidence to that great Tribunal where justice and mercy,—neither of which could he expect from man—would decide his lot for eternity. To him no earthly hope remained. The young Republic (as France was now proclaimed,) must signalize her entrance among nations by the murder of the best of kings.

Louis was summoned to trial by the National Convention as a tyrant and enemy of his country. He appeared before them with a firm, manly bearing, and calmly listened to the monstrous charges whose falsity was well known to his accusers. Of the few heroic men who had the courage to volunteer as his legal defenders he had chosen Messieurs Trouchet, Malesherbes and Deséze. These gentlemen exerted all their powers in his defence, Many of the members of the Convention also pleaded eloquently for him, but in vain. His condemnation had been decreed long before. The Convention, by a majority of twenty-six out of seven hundred and twenty voters, sentenced him to death by the guillotine. Louis was not dismayed by the dread announcement. Earth had lost its charms for him; his zealous confessor animated him to endure a painful and ignominious death by the remembrance of his Saviour's sufferings. His only anxiety was for his family, but he was consoled by the belief

that his death would put an end to their trials. He imagined, as was natural, that after his execution the fickle tide of popular favor would turn against his murderers, and that his son would be allowed to ascend the throne of his ancestors. With this impression he gave the little Dauphin his last command, one which fully proved the Christian nobleness of his soul—it was to take no revenge for his father's death. In the same spirit of sublime fortitude and charity he ascended the scaffold, and uttered his last words in clear, firm tones: “I die innocent—I forgive my enemies!” He would have added a few parting words to those whom he well styled his unfortunate people, but the loud roll of drums interrupted him. The next moment the axe fell—his confessor, the intrepid Abbe Edgeworth, announced the end of the terrible tragedy by that solemn, beautiful farewell: “*Son of St. Louis! ascend to Heaven.*”

Thus on the memorable 21st of January,

1793, was commenced that reign of blood-shed and crime in the name of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," which was to plunge unhappy France into woe, and render the name of Republican odious to all Europe.

The deluded multitude broke into wild shouts of joy, and cries of "Live the Republic," rang through the streets as the frenzied crowds rushed along exulting over the fall of their royal victim. Those shouts penetrated the Temple and struck dismally to the hearts of the weeping, trembling group there, telling them the sad fate of him they loved. Ah! what unutterable anguish was theirs. Prostrate before her crucifix the mourning sister passed that woful day in fervent prayer for the bereaved widow and helpless orphans; interrupting her supplication only to lavish tender attentions on those dear objects of her solicitude. The poor Queen was utterly bowed down with her affliction.

She begged an account of the last hours of the King, but her cruel jailers refused her even this sad consolation. Nor was she allowed to receive the ring and lock of hair which King Louis had desired to be transmitted to her. Months of dreary captivity wore on; the captives were treated with the utmost rigor, as it was the design of their enemies to kill them by harshness and privation. They were denied all communication with their friends, nor did any one dare to manifest any sympathy for them. To increase their woes the little Prince was torn from his frantic mother, and imprisoned in another part of the Temple. In vain the Queen and the two Princesses besought even the poor privilege of sometimes seeing him. They were harshly refused, and their cup of sorrow was full when they learned that he had been entrusted to the care of a drunken cobbler, who abused him unmercifully, while the poor child wept and pleaded to be allowed to see his mother. What tidings were these for the heart-broken Queen.

Six months after the death of the King, the Convention decreed that Marie Antoinette be removed to the prison of the Conciergerie to prepare for her approaching trial. At two o'clock one morning the soldiers burst into the Queen's apartment, and commanded her to rise from her bed and follow them. The unhappy Queen silently obeyed, but her anguish was overwhelming when she folded her daughter to her heart for the last time. Then leading the afflicted maiden to Madame, she said, "Behold the person who will be to you henceforth father and mother, obey her, love her, as your mother. And you, my dear sister," she added, embracing her, "I leave you to be the mother of my poor orphans. Love them as you have loved us in the dungeon, and even unto death." With these words, unable longer to endure the parting scene, she rushed from the room. In passing through the low doorway, she struck her head with great force against it. When one of the soldiers in-

quired if she was hurt, she replied, in accents of despair: "O, no—nothing now can harm me."

The prison of the Conciergerie was a range of subterranean dungeons beneath the Palace of Justice. Into one of these underground cells, as damp and repulsive as a sepulchre, was rudely thrust the daughter of the great Marie Therese of Austria. A pine table, two old chairs, and a miserable bed with tattered and soiled bedding, comprised the furniture. One small window admitted a few rays of light between massive iron bars; water dripped down the mouldy walls, and settled in pools on the stone floor. The silence of this living tomb was broken only by the grating of rusty locks and keys, and hinges, and the rumbling of carts over the pavements overhead. Such was the abode furnished to the once brilliant star of the Tuilleries, the envied bride of a powerful monarch, the kind-hearted, amiable Marie Antoinette.

The cruelty of her enemies would have

deprived her even of the comfort of knowing that her situation excited compassion in any heart. But the jailer and his wife, feeling the deepest sympathy for their illustrious prisoner, contrived by stealth to express their feelings by kind looks and words, which afforded her some alleviation of her woes. They were constantly desirous to gratify her as far as possible, in every wish she expressed. Once the jailer's wife, Madame Richard, understood that she desired a melon. She went immediately to the market. Something in her manner, as she examined the fruit, conveyed her secret purpose to the market-woman. "You want it for the Queen, I know," she whispered, eagerly, "Well, choose the best—No, I will have no money for it—tell our unfortunate Queen that there are many who weep for her." The Queen was touched and gratified by this little incident. One day Madame Richard presented her a rose, concealed among its petals was a scrap of paper upon which a friend had inscribed a

few words of love. The watchful soldiers, two of whom were constantly in the cell by day and night, detected the loving artifice; and the jailer and his wife were immured in the dungeons whose horrors they had charitably wished to alleviate. Madame Richard was killed soon after. Marie Antoinette mourned her kind-hearted keeper. A new jailer was placed over her, with the most stringent instructions. He was strictly charged to give her no food other than the coarse bread and muddy water which were furnished to the most worthless criminals. But Madame Bault, the new jailer's wife, touched with the deepest compassion for the discrowned Queen, in defiance of this order, supplied her with food prepared by her own hands. She also allowed her daughter to go to the cell every morning to dress the captive's hair, and sent by her several tokens of regard, though to avoid exciting suspicion she never approached the cell herself. Thus the spirit of humanity, even triumphs in revolutionary dungeons.

Still, notwithstanding these kindnesses the condition of the Queen was most pitiable, during the two months she passed in the Conciergerie, and her miserable appearance might have awakened some feeling of pity in the hardest heart. Her health had completely failed. Every trace of her radiant beauty had disappeared; her cheeks were hollow and pallid; her eyes sunken; her hair white as snow. She possessed but two gowns, and they were in tatters; her shoes, kept constantly wet from the dampness of the floor, were such as a beggar would disdain to wear. But all her physical suffering was nothing compared to the agony of mind she endured; grieving for her martyred husband; fearing for the fate of her children; shrinking with natural repugnance from the doom she well knew awaited herself. But all these trials were preparing for her an immortal crown. To occupy her time, she sometimes wrote, with a needle on the walls of her cell, portions of

the hymns and prayers which she was wont to repeat. Wishing to send some memorial of her last days on earth to her daughter, she pulled some threads from an old counterpane, and by means of two ivory tooth-picks, knitted a garter. When it was finished, she watched her opportunity, and, giving her compassionate jailer a sign, dropped it near him. He, letting fall his handkerchief, contrived to pick up the garter along with it, undetected by the guards. What a precious memorial of love was that to the affectionate heart of Marie Therese.

At length, on the 14th of October, Marie Antoinette was summoned to appear before the tribunal which was to decide her earthly fate. What a tribunal was that to decide legal questions and administer *justice*. It consisted of a public crier, a surgeon, an upholsterer, a tailor, a printer, a barber, and a painter. This was counted a triumph of the *people* over monarchy. The Queen was accused "of

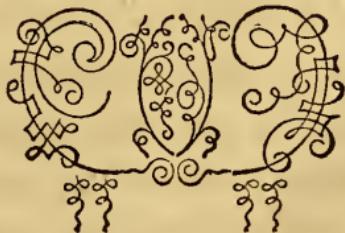
having conspired against France," a vague but terrible accusation, which was sufficient to condemn to the block any person obnoxious to the tyrants. The Queen, with an air composed and majestic as in her proudest days, listened to the absurd charges which they vainly strove to bring against her. The mockery of a trial lasted three days and night, and was in the estimation of impartial persons a complete vindication of the Queen. There were perjured witnesses of course; such wretches can always be procured by any government, and a court which is convened for the purpose of convicting will always be base enough to pretend to give credence to such testimony. The Queen was unanimously condemned by this so-called tribunal.

She heard the sentence without any symptom of emotion; it was what she had long expected. Reconducting to her cell, she immediately wrote a touching letter of farewell to Madame Elizabeth, dated

from the Conciergerie, October 16th, 1793, at half-past four o'clock in the morning. In this letter she sent to her children her blessing, with some good advice as to their future conduct. She particularly wished to impress on her son's mind the dying charge of his royal father, which she "now repeated emphatically—*Let him never seek to avenge our death!*" She expressed her desire to die at peace with all the world; her tender regard for Madame Elizabeth, and her few remaining friends, whose pardon she besought if she had ever caused them pain. She also declared her purpose of dying in the holy faith of her fathers, though she could not hope to receive spiritual consolation, as none but a "constitutional" priest would be allowed to attend her.

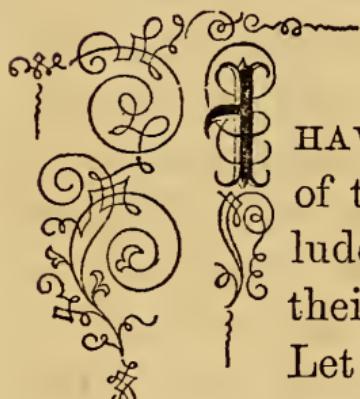
The barbarous cruelty of the foes of royalty was shown in the smallest matters. This illustrious sufferer, more ennobled by her virtues and trials than even by her high birth, was conveyed to

the place of execution in a common cart, her hands bound, the executioner sitting on one side of her, on the other the constitutional priest, whose ministrations she, of course, refused. The cart was escorted by detachments of cavalry and infantry—thousands of troops lined the streets; an actor, hired for the purpose, incited the people to shouts and yells of derision. The Queen, unmoved, showed neither disdain nor fear. Her firmness did not desert her on the scaffold. Fervently invoking Him in whom she trusted, she met her doom calmly, and thus passed from a world in which she had experienced the extreme of good and bad fortunes.



CHAPTER II.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.



HAVE already, in speaking of the King and Queen, alluded to the trials in which their two children shared. Let us now enter into some of the details of those young lives so early clouded.

The princess, Marie Therese Charlotte, was the eldest child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and was born at Versailles, on the 19th of December, 1778. Her education was conducted with the greatest care, by several governesses, of whom the most important were Madame de Tourzel and Madame de Polignac.

Her mother and her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, also took pleasure in instructing her. The little princess did credit to her zealous and accomplished teachers: She made extraordinary progress both in virtue and learning. An anecdote which is related of her when only eight years old, shows how generous was her disposition, and how early she had learned the patience and fortitude of which her after life was to prove so bright an example. One morning, when she was reciting her lesson, the governess, Madame de Mac-kan, accidentally trod on her foot. The child, without giving the least sign of the pain she was suffering, went on with her task, and the teacher knew nothing of the occurrence, until she was preparing her pupil for bed, when to her surprise and distress she found the foot much inflamed, and the stocking saturated with blood. To the question why did she not mention the hurt at the time, Marie Therese tenderly embracing her preceptress, replied, " Dear

Madame, if now that I have ceased to suffer, the accident afflicts you so much, what would not have been your pain if you had known it when I was suffering?" Thus patient and considerate of others was this royal child.

In her ninth year she was affianced to her cousin Louis Antoine, the Duke d'Angouleme, son of the Count d'Artoise, amid scenes of festivity and rejoicing. Long years afterward she used to speak of this joyous time with something of surprise that she had ever known such happiness. The Duke was an amiable, pious youth, and the King and Queen rejoiced over the prospect of happiness to their child from a betrothal, which true affection as well as state reasons sanctioned. Who could then dream of the trials awaiting the child-bride—through what fearful scenes she was destined to pass ere the celebration of the nuptials thus foreshadowed!

The revolution began, and, as I have

already mentioned, the royal family were compelled to remove from Versailles to Paris, where they found themselves in reality prisoners in charge of watchful guards. Here, under circumstances so widely different from what she had once anticipated, Marie Therese made her first communion. Pious and sensible to a degree far above her years, she prepared for this solemn duty with the greatest care, giving little thought to the absence of all those ceremonies and festivities which were wont to grace so important a day in the lives of the royal children of France. But her parents and aunt felt the change keenly. When the King gave her his blessing on that memorable morning, he folded her in his arms, and lamenting that he could not bestow on her the splendid gifts customary on this solemn occasion, said :

“I know you are too reasonable, my daughter, to think, at the time when your attention should be wholly given to adorn

ing your soul and making it a fitting residence for the King of Heaven, of any worldly gifts I could bestow upon you. Besides, my dear child, the public misery is very great; the poor are in much distress; and I feel sure that you would rather dispense with rich ornaments than wear them, while knowing that so many want bread." Thus spoke the good King whom his enemies delighted to represent to deluded multitudes as the oppressor of his people, regardless of their sufferings.

The young princess has left us a touching account of the afflictions and vexations endured by the royal prisoners. It is from her we learn how nobly all was endured; what order, regularity, and good employment of time were observed, as far as circumstances permitted. And most affecting is her description of her little brother, who, scarcely more than an infant when the troubles began, shared in the privations and dangers to which his parents were subjected. With his mind

prematured by woe, and his generous, sensitive disposition, so like his father's, the Dauphin felt most keenly every insult and injury inflicted on those who were all the world to him. Once, during the early days of their captivity, he was with his mother when the mob filled the court of Tuilleries, addressing her in the most insulting language, and uttering fierce threats and imprecations. Little Louis gazed alternately at the riotous crowd, and at his mother and aunt, whose calm, majestic air never forsook them. Following their example he remained silent, showing no symptom of grief or fear during that cruel scene which lasted over five hours. But the next morning when the shouts of the rabble again arose around the palace, he evinced the impression it had made on his mind by his artless question, "Mamma, is'nt *yesterday* over yet?" Poor innocent child—the scenes of yesterday were to be re-enacted during weary years.

On another occasion, after listening with swelling heart to the brutal language with which the jailers were wont to address the King, the child ran and hid himself in his room to give vent to the tears he would not shed in presence of his afflicted parents. When his sister followed him, trying to soothe his grief, he told her with heart-breaking sobs, that "he seemed to see his father already killed." It seems scarcely credible that even the monsters of the revolution would be willing to persecute so young a victim: but he was the King's son—that thought was sufficient to steel their hearts against him. One day the guard told his prisoners that in case the enemy, (meaning the true sons of France, who were now in arms for the King,) approached Paris, they should be put to death: adding that *he* only felt compassion for the little Louis, but still, as the son of a tyrant, he must die with the others, young as he was.

After the death of the King the Conven-
5*

tion were much perplexed as to what disposal to make of the child, who was now rightfully Louis XVII., and, therefore, the object of their hatred and alarm. They were unwilling to condemn him to the guillotine; such a barbarous measure might be impolitic, yet they could feel no security while he lived, in the enjoyment of their usurped power. They finally passed a decree ordering him to be taken from his mother, and confined in the strongest room in the tower. When the order was read to the royal prisoners a heart-rending scene took place. The Prince, with frantic screams, threw himself into his mother's arms, imploring her not to give him up to his executioners. The poor Queen, in the delirium of her grief placed him on the bed, and stationing herself between him and the agents of the Convention, declared they should kill her before she would allow them to touch her idolized boy. Even those stony hearts were moved, and for two hours they tried, by mingled per-

suasions, threats and insults, to accomplish their object without resorting to actual violence. At last, the unfortunate mother wholly exhausted, fell prostrate on the bed, and the child, still struggling, and screaming with grief and terror, was borne away to his new cell. The little party thus cruelly bereaved, wept and prayed, and vainly strove to console each other by hopes none of them could venture to entertain. Daily they expected to hear that their darling's life had been sacrificed; but a more cruel fate was reserved for him.

For two days the poor child lay on the floor of his gloomy cell, refusing all nourishment, longing to die. As the vehemence of his grief exhausted itself, he began to recall the pious lessons he had received from his beloved parents, and with his tears were now mingled supplications for resignation and submission to the holy will of God. It was well for him that his soul had been so thoroughly imbued with religious sentiments, for he was now the

victim of persecution which it required superhuman fortitude in a child of seven years to endure. He was placed under the charge of a drunken cobbler, named Simon. This man, who was one of the Convention's hirelings, accepted the trust with fiendish delight.

“What am I to do with him?” he asked the Committee of Public Safety. “Banish him from France?”

“No,” was the only answer vouchsafed.

“Shall I kill him?”

“No.”

“Poison him?”

“No. *Get quit of him*—now you know your office.”

The inhuman Simon did, indeed, understand his office, and faithfully did he perform a trust which suited his inhuman nature well. From that day every species of cruelty which he could invent he tried on the desolate child. He made him his servant, exacted from him the most laborious and menial tasks, punishing him

without mercy when he failed to satisfy his requirements. Not content with all the physical torture he could inflict on his royal victim, he strove by every means to deprave his mind, and rob him of those virtuous sentiments which were now his only consolation. He tried to teach him the most blasphemous oaths, and to force him to sing wicked songs. But the pure-minded child, shuddering with horror, would cover his ears to keep out the loathsome sounds, though he knew cruel blows would punish what his persecutor termed his obstinacy. It is heart-sickening to think of the sufferings the delicate, sensitive child endured at the hands of this monster—the dangers of soul and body to which he was exposed during two weary years. Yet the grace of God sustained him through all, and virtue has seldom had a nobler triumph than in the person of this heroic descendant of kings, whose short life was one continual scene of war. Nor is there on record an

instance of more true nobleness of soul than is related of this “child of France.”

“Capet,” said his brutal guardian to him one day, “if the friends of royalty should ever succeed, and place you on your father’s throne, what would you do?”

“*I would forgive you,*” was the instant reply. O, worthy son of a noble sire! No dazzling visions of pomp and power floated before him at that glorious prospect, his first thought was that he would exercise the sovereign’s best prerogative—to show mercy. Think of this, children, when you find it *hard* to forgive any trifling slight or injury you receive; remember little Louis XVII. and his persecutor.

Happily the other sorrowing captives of the Temple did not know how cruelly the child so dear to them was treated. Their own fate daily became more gloomy and hopeless. Soon their number was again lessened; the hapless Queen was borne off to the horrid dungeon, which was the gate to the scaffold. The young prin-

cess suffered so much from grief at the separation from her mother, and anxiety and gloomy forebodings of what would be that dear parent's fate, that she had a severe fit of illness, during which her aunt, now her only companion and guardian, nursed her with the most devoted care. But neither sickness nor sorrow could shield her from the malicious devices of the enemies of her family. Hoping to extort from her some answer which they could alter to suit their purpose, they summoned the royal maiden before them, and artfully questioned her on the various accusations they intended to bring against her mother. For three hours this cross-examination lasted, causing inconceivable tortures to the timid, loving child, who in the bitterest anguish returned to her cell, and sought consolation from her beloved aunt. But she also was summoned in her turn to go through the same ordeal, and the failure of this atrocious plan for gaining information against the

Queen still more embittered their foes, and added to the rigor of their captivity. The trifling favors they had hitherto been allowed were withdrawn; the few relics they had of those dear to them, and of happier times, were rudely taken from them; even the embroidery which the Queen had worked during her imprisonment, and which the fond daughter begged with tears might be left to her. The tongue of slander was also employed to add to their sufferings. They were accused of theft, of forgery; and these charges afforded a pretext for searching them, as often as suited their diabolical jailers, who gloated over the distress and humiliation which they caused.

But a heavier blow was in store for Marie Therese. She must now lose her only friend, her second mother—who was to pass from the guillotine to that bright kingdom where her virtues would be rewarded with an unfading crown. On the night of the 9th of May, 1794, Madame

Elizabeth was forced to leave her weeping neice, whom she was scarcely allowed to embrace, with a murmured blessing, ere she was hurried away to the Conciergerie. The next day she was summoned to what was called her trial. No charge was made, no witnesses appeared against her. Her *crime* consisted in having dressed the wounds of the soldiers who had suffered in defending her royal brother on the fatal "10th of August," 1792, and being an accomplice of the King and Queen! To establish this, the court knew they needed only to put a few simple questions. The president, therefore, inquired where she was on those memorable days—the 6th of October, 20th of June, and 10th of August—to which she replied with much dignity and firmness, that "she was with the King and Queen, having never quitted them under those trying circumstances." One of the counsel of Marie Antoinette, M. Chauveau Lagard, also generously came forward to defend Madame Eliza-

beth, but his efforts were unavailing. In such courts sentence is determined on before the trial takes place.

The Princess on being condemned was immediately hastened to the place of execution. No time was given her to prepare for death, but it mattered not to her whose whole life had been a preparation for this solemn moment. On the way she exhorted her fellow-victims to contrition and resignation, and prayed fervently for them as well as for herself. As a crowning act of cruelty her death was put off until all the others, over twenty in number, had been guillotined. But the horrid spectacle did not daunt her firm soul. The interval only afforded her a last opportunity of exercising her favorite virtue, charity, in recommending each soul, as the fatal knife set it free, to the mercy of God. And when, at length, her own turn came, with the same calm fortitude that she had maintained through life she meekly yielded to her doom. Thus died, ere she had reached

her thirtieth birthday, the virtuous and accomplished sister of Louis XVI. Crowds of people thronged the streets through which she was conducted to the place of execution, lamenting that the good Princess who, in happy times, had devoted her time and means almost wholly to the poor and unfortunate, should thus be murdered; yet as in the case of the King, making not one effort to release her. So worthless a thing is popular favor in nearly all cases.

We must now return to the solitary occupant of the royal cell, to whom this last deprivation was a most cruel blow. It had come so suddenly that the hapless girl was at first stupefied by her grief. She did not yet know that her mother was dead, and for days she continued to importune her jailers to allow her to go to whatever prison her mother and aunt inhabited. At last the finishing stroke was given to her misery by the knowledge that she had seen both for the last time on earth. She was now, indeed, an orphan, and it would be

difficult to conceive a more desolate and sorrowful position than hers. Even her request to be allowed a female attendant was denied. The misery of the past was happiness compared to her present condition. Prayer was her only solace in her loneliness and affliction; by degrees this calmed the violence of her sorrow, and obtained her the resignation she humbly sought.

The next event that had an influence on her destiny was the death of her little brother, who, after two years of suffering from his brutal guardian, expired on the 8th of June, 1795. As there was no one now in France to aspire to the crown, the people of Orleans ventured to intercede for the "orphan of the Temple." Other towns followed the example, obtaining for her first a mitigation of the rigorous treatment she had so long endured, and under which her health was giving way. Finally, in December of the same year, the French Directory consented to exchange the daugh-

ter of the martyr-king for commissioners whom Dumouriez had given up to Austria, and on her seventeenth birth-day she was released from captivity. Before leaving the scene of so many royal misfortunes she traced on the wall of her prison these words: "O, my God! pardon those who have put my parents to death!" It was the spirit of the parents still living in the last of this group of martyrs. The authorities, apprehensive of some demonstration on the part of the populace which would prove their attachment to the royal family, took care to have the Princess liberated at night, and conducted in silence and secrecy to the carriage which awaited her at some distance from the Temple. Her journey through France was performed with as much concealment and speed as possible. She travelled under the name of Sophia, but her great resemblance to Marie Antoinette caused her to be often recognized, and she was much affected by the tearful homage she thus received. It was balm

to her long-suffering spirit as she took what she believed to be her last look at her native land, the land which enshrined the precious dust of her parents, aunt, and brother.

“I wonder she was allowed to leave France,” said Charles, after his father had concluded. “It is strange to me that the Princess escaped the fate of the rest of her family.”

“It would probably have been otherwise had there been any danger of the new government being molested on her account, but as females are not eligible to the throne in France, they had nothing to apprehend. Besides, we are to remember that death can only come at the time that God appoints; and as the suffering and death of the others may serve as examples for us, so from the long and eventful life of Marie Therese we may derive many useful lessons, particularly in those virtues of which she was a model—perfect submission to the will of God and unalterable fidelity to her religion.”

"I am *so* glad she was'nt killed—the dear good lady," said Katy. "Won't you tell us some more about her, papa?"

"Her subsequent history has no connection with the revolution," replied the father, smiling, "and therefore does not enter into our agreement. It would take too long to narrate the particulars, for her career was one crowded with vicissitudes, dangers and misfortunes. I will allude to some of these, however; her biography will be useful and interesting to you, by-and-by.

"From France the princess went directly to Austria, where she was warmly welcomed by the court. In May, 1798, she repaired to Mittau, where her uncle, Louis XVIII. resided. A year afterward she was married to the Duke of Angouleme to whom she had been betrothed twelve years before. Devotedly attached as they were to each other, there were many recollections that made this ceremony a mournful one, and the presence of the Abbe Edgeworth, the heroic priest who had attended her father

to the scaffold—while it was gratifying to the grateful heart of the bride, could not fail to draw forth tears of filial love and regret. Napoleon's victories caused the family of Louis XVIII to leave the various towns in Germany in which they successively sought refuge. At last driven from the Continent, in 1809, they established themselves in England, the only part of Europe to which the power of the Emperor had not extended. Here they lived in seclusion for about six years, during which time the wife of Louis XVIII. died, and the charge of the royal household fell on the Duchess. This was no pleasant duty, for with her uncle's limited means the closest economy was necessary. Marie Therese performed her task nobly, and even managed to spare something regularly for the relief of the poor, many of whom, like herself, were exiles from France. Only once did she appear at court, which was on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of George III.

At length the downfall of Napoleon restored her uncle to the throne of his ancestors. Their return to France evoked the wildest enthusiasm, and the amiable Duchess was the object of so many touching manifestations of regard, that again and again she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart, "How happy I am to find myself surrounded by the French." She was so much impressed by this enthusiastic welcome that she could not forbear an expression of wonder that the Bourbons should ever have quitted a land which could exhibit so much joy and gladness in receiving them again.

But she was soon to experience the fickleness of popular feeling. In less than a year her family were again exiles; Napoleon having returned from his banishment at Elba, and taken peaceable possession of the throne of France. Then there came another change—Napoleon overthrown by the allied powers of Waterloo, the throne again reverted to Louis

XVIII. Marie Therese found herself once more in her native land, and the next fifteen years were spent tranquilly at the Tuilleries, in the constant practice of virtue and self-denial. She rose daily at five o'clock, took her breakfast, which consisted only of a cup of coffee at six, heard mass, and attended to the distribution of her charities, which were both judicious and liberal. She was careful to employ every moment profitably, and to make herself useful to every one around her. Amid the splendor of the court, the object of universal love and admiration, she lived the life of a saint. It would seem that after so many trials, the evening of her life might pass in tranquillity. But this was not to be. The revolution of 1830 banished the royal family once more. For the third and last time she was forced to flee from the land of her birth. Some more years were spent in wanderings, finding temporary homes in England, Scotland and Germany. She had beheld her most

tenderly loved relatives and friends one after another pass away; last and most deeply mourned was the good Duke, her husband. But the time drew near for her to depart to receive the reward of her saintlike virtues—of her almost unequaled trials. An attack of inflammation of the lungs closed her heroic life on the 18th of October, 1851. The last three days of her life, notwithstanding the severity of her illness, were as industriously employed as if she was in perfect health. All her papers were inspected and arranged, the affairs of her poor pensioners regulated, her friends and servants taken leave of, and affectionate messages sent to those whom she could not receive. Then her thoughts were given wholly to the God she had so faithfully served, and the prayer, "O God! come in aid to Thy humble and unworthy servant in this hour of judgment," was frequently on her lips, until her soul calmly passed from earth. Her biographer has remarked that the

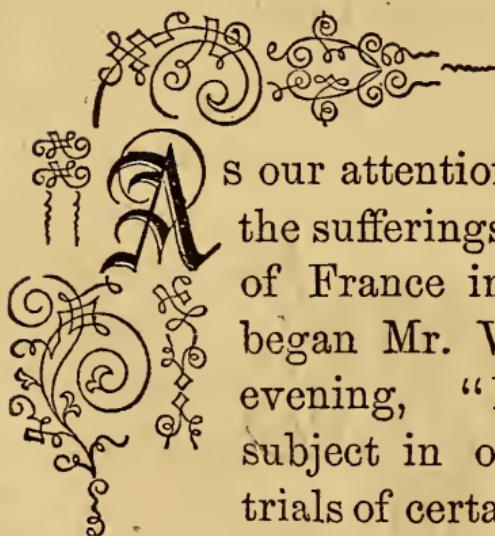
will which she herself drew up is the best funeral oration that could be read over her remains, so clearly does it display the piety, nobleness and talent of its royal author. And no higher eulogy could be pronounced than is offered in the testimony of all those who knew her, during the twenty years of her last exile, that no word of reproach against France ever escaped her lips; charity and forgiveness characterized her to the last."





CHAPTER III.

THE VICOMTE'S FAMILY.



As our attention was first given to the sufferings of the royal family of France in the Revolution," began Mr. White on the next evening, "I think the next subject in order would be the trials of certain individuals who, although of no great rank or eminence at that time, have been made celebrated by succeeding events. If the story of Louis XVI. shows how quickly all the power

and grandeur of earth may be torn from their possessors, the history of those to whom I now refer is as remarkable an instance of the facility with which such dignities are sometimes obtained. The little family consisted of father, mother, and two children; the father was beheaded; the mother, on the eve of a similar fate, was set at liberty by a fortunate change in public affairs. The death of one, the escape of the other, produced no emotions of grief or joy save among their few relations and friends. They were only two amongst the thousands of Robespierre's victims, whose fate was of no particular interest to their country nor the world at large; yet several of their descendants are numbered among the imperial and royal houses of our day. Now who can tell me the name of this family?"

The older portion of the "young folks" looked from one to another in silence; the little ones awaited the answer with curiosity and interest. Mr. White enjoyed the perplexity of the group.

"Study the problem out, lads and lasses," said he, pleasantly. "I will give an explanation that may help to make it more easy—one of said descendants, a grandchild, is the reigning sovereign of one of the principal nations of Europe."

"What, now?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"Now—at least was so at the date of our last intelligence from Europe. As the perverse cable refused to be laid I cannot vouch for what may have taken place among our foreign relations during the last twelve days."

"One of the principal nations of Europe, you said, uncle?"

"Aye, Richard, a *very* principal nation," was the laughing reply.

"Oh, I know!" cried the oldest girl, triumphantly.

"Who is it, Maggie?" "Do tell us." "Now, that isn't fair," were the general exclamations, as Maggie shook her head in merry defiance.

"Father wishes each one to study it out.

Come, don't take all night—there are not so many principal nations in Europe."

"Well, *I* can't make it out," said Charles, who had been pondering the matter very thoughtfully. "There is England—I am sure Victoria's grandfather wasn't murdered by Robespierre. And there is Austria—and Russia—and Spain—yes, and Germany—none of their royal families had anything to do with the French Revolution, except that some of them were related to Louis and Marie Antoinette."

"You didn't count France, Charles," said Katy, who was an attentive listener.

O hush, child—you don't know what we are talking about."

"Never mind, Katy," said her eldest sister, as the child looked abashed at the boyish tone of superiority. "There has been many a poorer guess than that of yours. Maybe Master Charles had better take another thought before he dismisses France so hastily."

"Now what are *you* talking about, Mag-

gie? Everybody knows who the Emperor Napoleon III. is," rejoined Charles.

"Perhaps you will have no objection to tell us what you have learned of his genealogy," said Mr. White, with an arch smile.

"Why, he is the youngest son of King Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense," replied Charles, confidently, "and surely, none of the Bonapartes was killed in the Revolution.—O, stop, I have it now! How stupid in me not to remember that Hortense's father was among the last that Robespierre sent to the guillotine, and that her mother was to lose her head also, but lived to marry Napoleon I., and so became Empress of France. Pshaw, why didn't I think of that at first!"

"Well, now that you have solved the problem I will commence my narration."

The Vicomte Alexander de Beauharnais was one of those gallant young Frenchmen who hastened with Lafayette to the assistance of the American colonies in the

early days of our revolution. He was an enthusiastic lover of liberty, and when the Revolution in his own country began he immediately adopted its principles, deluded, as were many other well-meaning men, by the hope of thus procuring for France republican institutions similar to those of the New World. He represented the nobles of Blois in the Constitutional Assembly, where his sentiments accorded with those of the moderate republicans. When the Assembly was dissolved, he regained the rank he had formerly held in the army, and was among the brave officers who rallied under the command of Lafayette as a body guard for the royal family, whose perils were daily increasing. He was afterwards elected to the National Convention, of which body he was for a time president. When the murder of the King, rousing all Europe to just indignation, led to a general coalition against the Republic, the revolutionary leaders, having in their own party no officers of military knowledge or expe-

rience, were obliged to intrust important commands to the few nobles who still adhered to the republican cause. Among these De Beauharnais held a conspicuous position. He was appointed to the command of the army on the German frontier, where he proved himself a brave and efficient general. But the arrest of the Girondists, or moderate members of the Convention, and their total destruction as a governing class by the murder of twenty of their number, threw the whole power of the government into the hands of the Jacobins, a mob the most brutal, cowardly and ferocious in the annals of crime. One of their first acts was to dismiss from the civil and military service of the Republic, all who had a claim to noble birth or personal distinction, and to fill their places with their own miserable creatures. De Beauharnais was, of course, among those discharged from the army. Most of the disgraced officers fled to foreign lands, aware that there was no longer safety for

them in their own. The Vicomte, trusting to the zealous services he had rendered the Republic, returned to Paris, and took up his residence in the family mansion. His wife, the amiable Josephine, gladly welcomed him back to private life; the children, Eugene and Hortense, by their sprightly, affectionate ways, contributed to the happiness of their parents. A few weeks thus passed; then the little family circle was broken, never to be reunited on earth.

The Vicomte was arrested by order of the Revolutionary Committee, and conducted to the prison of the Luxembourg. No charge was made against him; none was needed: under the plea of the necessity of securing the safety of the Republic, any man, woman, or child could be dragged from home, consigned to a gloomy dungeon, and beheaded whenever it was the will of the tyrants who now governed unhappy France. And the fiendlike character of these men is vividly portrayed in Jose

phine's letters to her aunt detailing the various proceedings against her husband. One of the Committee assured her that the Revolution would only be brought to a happy conclusion when it should have succeeded in reducing all its enemies to the condition of African savages; and that to accomplish this end, he thought "the whole race of priests, nobles, landed proprietors, in short all the aristocratic classes ought to be dispatched to St. Domingo, to replace the negro slaves," whom these champions of freedom had recently emancipated. "Thus," he added, glancing ferociously at the wife of his prisoner, "thus the true republicans secure the grand moral triumph, by measures of profound and elevated policy."

Josephine might well shudder at the thought of her husband being in the power of such monsters as this man and others whom she describes, judges, deputies, committeemen—some surly and morose; others full of jests, blending with their brutality

an affectation of good nature that rendered them still more revolting. From such a government the Vicomte could expect neither justice nor mercy. Faithfully as he had served them in his mistaken zeal, he was too honorable, upright and humane, to escape suspicion, and to be “suspected” was to be ruined. His connection with the moderate republicans during his political career, his noble efforts in behalf of the King in the Convention which doomed the monarch to death, were sufficient to stamp him as an enemy of “the Republic, one and indivisible.” Besides he was of noble birth, an unpardonable crime in their eyes; and his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, had joined the royal army under Conde, at the commencement of the struggle, and had demanded the right of appearing at the mock trial of the King as his defender.

It was evident, therefore, from the first that the Vicomte could not escape condemnation. However, his situation was more

tolerable than that of most of his fellow captives. A young shoemaker who belonged to the Revolutionary Committee had a great esteem for Monsieur de Beauharnais, who was by his means enabled to correspond frequently with his wife. Young Nevil also exerted his influence with the Committee to obtain permission for Josephine and the children to visit the prisoner. The children were overjoyed when they learned that they were to see their beloved father. They had been told that he, being sick, was under the care of a celebrated physician who resided in the Luxembourg, but Hortense, who, though only eleven years old, was remarkably intelligent and sensible, soon began to suspect the true state of affairs. On the other hand Eugene, who was three years her senior, suspected nothing, and endeavored to console his parents whose emotion during this interview could not be concealed, by insisting that his papa's illness was not very dangerous, as he was

able to walk about, and they would soon have him at home again. Hortense listened to her brother in silent incredulity for some time.

"Do *you* believe that papa is ill?" she asked at last. "If so, it is not sickness which the doctor cures."

"What do you mean, my dear girl?" said her mother; "can you suppose that papa and I would contrive between us to deceive you?"

"Pardon, mamma, but I do think so."

"Oh! sister," interrupted Eugene, "that is a very singular speech of yours."

"On the contrary, it is quite simple and natural," said Hortense, readily. "Good parents are permitted to deceive their children, when they wish to spare them uneasiness; is it not so mamma?" And she threw herself into her mother's arms, atoning by her loving caresses for the boldness of her suspicion.

The children were indignant as well as grieved when they learned the truth.

"Oh," cried the spirited Hortense, "when we are able we will punish your accusers."

"Hush, my child," interrupted her father, "were you to be overheard speaking thus, we should all be ruined; while we would not then have the consolation of being persecuted altogether unjustly."

"But, papa," said Eugene, "have you not often explained to us that it is lawful to resist oppression?"

"Yes, my son, and I repeat the same sentiment now; but resistance must be accompanied by prudence: he who would overcome tyranny must be careful not to put the tyrant on his guard. But enough of this—let us converse on more pleasant themes."

Then all endeavored to speak cheerfully, and make the most of this brief interview—the last the father was to have with his children, and as it turned out, a most unfortunate one. For his conversation with them being overheard, (how or by whom

never transpired,) was reported to the “tyrant,” and led to fresh suspicions against the Vicomte, and to more rigid measures against all the inmates of the prison. The government newspaper announced that a grand conspiracy had been discovered in the Luxembourg, the principal leader being the Vicomte de Beauharnais; but added, that “the conspiracy against *liberty* had been dissipated; the eye of Government would soon unravel its darkest intricacies; and the hands armed for the consolidating of the Republic, would not be slack to punish those who seemed to live only for its overthrow.” A safe promise, that, for “punishing” seemed to be the only business of this charming republican government. To unravel the conspiracy, a member of the Committee was appointed to question Eugene and Hortense, separately and in secret, as to any conversations they had heard on public affairs, the visits and letters their parents had been in the habit of receiving, the opinions they

had expressed, &c. The monsters hoped thus to obtain some information they could use against their prisoner, but as in the case of the examination of the royal children, their schemes failed.

Soon after this Madame De Beauharnais received an anonymous note, informing her that she was to be arrested within a few hours. A mode of escape was afforded, but she could not consent to abandon her children, and increase the peril of her husband, in order to secure her own safety. As calmly as possible she made such arrangements as time permitted of her household affairs, and then sat down with her son and daughter to await the dreaded summons. As evening wore one she began to hope that the information was incorrect. Sleep at last overcame the children spite of their efforts, and having dismissed them to rest, she remained alone, tortured with the thoughts to which her position naturally gave rise. At length a loud knocking announced that her hour

had come. Nerving herself to endurance, she beheld without shrinking, a band of armed men enter her sitting-room, seal up drawers and cabinets, and then range themselves in order to conduct her to prison. Without entreaty or remonstrance, where both were useless, the captive delayed only to take a farewell—her *last*, she feared—of her sleeping children. As she kissed her daughter's forehead a tear fell upon it. The child, half-rousing from a deep slumber, clasped her arms around her mother's neck, and murmured in her slumber—“Come to bed, mamma; fear nothing, they shall not take you away. I have prayed to God for you.” With a breaking heart the mother gently unclasped those little clinging arms, and went with her captors to the Carmelite prison, so called from having been a convent of the Carmelites before the evil days.

When morning broke upon the children's peaceful slumbers, they found themselves alone and friendless in the great

tumultuous city. One parent in a dungeon to which they could not gain access, the other they knew not where; their other relatives exiled or distant from the city; no one to look to for comfort or protection, but a faithful domestic, Victorine, who was too much distressed and alarmed at the arrest of her mistress to be of any use. After the first burst of grief had subsided, they began seriously to consider what was to be done.

“Let us go at once to the Luxembourg, and demand admittance to papa’s cell,” exclaimed Hortense, with the same energy and fearless spirit that she displayed through an eventful life.

Eugene, always calm and cautious, objected. “We could not gain admittance, sister, and, perhaps such an attempt would compromise our parents. We must be careful what we do, for their sakes.”

“What then shall we do?”

“Suppose we send word to aunt Fanny. she will know what is best to be done.”

Hortense agreed to this, and citizen Nevil's mother conveyed the desired message to Madame Fanny Beauharnais, who speedily removed the children to her home at Versailles. Intelligence of this being soon imparted to the parents by the kind-hearted young Nevil relieved their great anxiety.

Our little Hortense could not remain tranquil at Versailles without making an effort to be reunited to her parents, whose perilous situation she realized more keenly when she found herself so far separated from them. She tried to induce her aunt to remove to Paris, that they might at least be near the objects of her filial solicitude, and failing in this she would fain persuade Eugene to go back with her to the great city; she reminded him that Victorine was still there, in charge of their dear home, and that if they were there they could often hear from papa and mamma, by means of citizen Nevil and his mother. But her brother, though as

affectionate as herself, was of a different disposition, and could not be persuaded into any such useless and dangerous enterprises. The little girl did not abandon her purpose; she formed a plan to do by herself what others refused to do, and then, to use her own expression, prayed to God to help her out. I am afraid she was thinking more of her project than of her prayers, or she might have recollected that it was an odd thing to ask for help from heaven in an act of disobedience and deception. But probably she thought her little scheme altogether praiseworthy. At daybreak, on a fine June morning, she slipped quietly out of the house, and, obtaining a seat in the market wagon of a neighboring farmer, who usually passed her aunt's house at that hour, was soon jogging along the road to Paris. Arrived there, she presented herself before the astonished Victorine, who soon convinced her that she had travelled thirty miles on a very foolish errand. Poor child! she

had felt *so* sure that once in Paris she would overcome all difficulties, and insist on gaining admission to either her father or mother. The disappointment was terrible, and a more subdued and disconsolate child could not be imagined than Hortense Beauharnais, as she tearfully travelled back that road to Versailles.

A few weeks later she had only one parent. Her father suffered death on the 24th of July, 1794. He died as become a soldier and a Christian, contrite for his sins, resigned to the will of God. “Love each other; speak of me”—thus concluded his farewell letter to his wife and children. “And never forget that the glory of dying the victim of tyrants, the martyr of freedom, ennobles the scaffold.”

To Madame de Beauharnais the bereavement was an unexpected calamity. Her husband had not been tried, and she was awaiting with mingled hopes and fears the day of his trial, when she learned that he had been already guillotined. On the

same day that she received this sad intelligence she was told that on the morrow she was to be removed to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine. But that very night the tyrant fell a victim to the spirit of vengeance he had aroused against thousands of the noble and virtuous. The oppressors now trembled in their turn. They became the objects of popular vengeance, while those whom they had destined for the guillotine were restored to liberty. Josephine was among the first liberated. Hortense and Eugene had read and wept over the affecting letter of consolation and good advice which their mother had written to them on receiving the intimation of her sentence. How great then was their happiness on learning that that dear parent was alive and at liberty, and joyfully they obeyed her summons to Paris. After some time her late husband's property (which had been confiscated to the Republic) was restored; and in a few years we find her Empress of France;

Eugene, Viceroy of Italy; and Hortense, Queen of Holland."

"It seems almost like a novel," remarked Maggie. "One can scarcely understand how such wonderful changes can take place in people's fortunes."

"And so near our time, too," said Charles. "To think that *that* Hortense should be the mother of an Emperor, whom we are hearing about almost every day."

"It is, indeed, a remarkable history," added Mr. White, "and has peculiar interest for us from having transpired so recently. It is on this account I have drawn your attention to it, for there are few examples better calculated to inculcate a spirit of unshaken confidence and hope in God under the most trying circumstances. No condition could be apparently more hopeless and miserable than that of Josephine and her children, during the reign of terror; the wildest dream of imagination could not picture the destiny in store for them. Thus we are taught

how vain are all speculations as to our future lot, and that under all circumstances we should abandon ourselves unreservedly to the Omnipotent God, who can overrule all for our good, either in time or eternity, as He sees best."

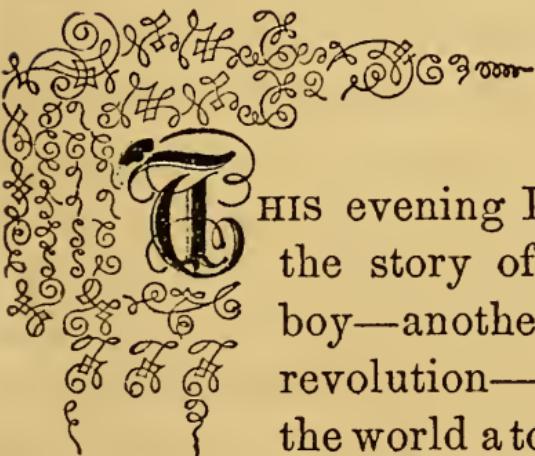




CHAPTER IV.

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TOMMY; THE ENGLISH ORPHAN.



THIS evening I shall devote to the story of a poor orphan boy—another victim of the revolution—who has given the world a touching example of affection and gratitude.

One morning as a priest belonging to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris, was proceeding through a by-street on his customary labors of religion and charity among the poor, he saw at some distance

a child lying on the ground in an attitude so motionless that he seemed to be either dead or dying. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, and it was not likely that he would compose himself to sleep in that exposed situation. The reverend gentleman, always ready to hasten to the relief of suffering humanity, quickened his pace. He feared that the child had met with some fatal accident, yet this supposition was contradicted by the absence of any crowd, or appearance of excitement in the neighborhood. On reaching the spot he discovered to his surprise and relief, that the object of his solicitude was neither dead nor injured; but as he raised him from the ground he thought he had never beheld a more forlorn, pitiable sight. The poor boy was evidently perishing from hunger; his garments were both ragged and dirty; and when he turned his large brown eyes on the person who was evincing so much compassion for him, there was a depth of wretchedness in their expression that fairly star-

tled the good father. That look of wild, despairing misery he had seen in hapless creatures whom a long and hopeless conflict with want had driven to the verge of madness or suicide—a look he could never see without horror, but how appalling it was in a child! To his softly spoken questions the boy gave no answer; the wild eyes were fixed upon his interrogator with a staring intensity of gaze, the pale, dry lips were pressed tightly together; but when the question was put at last, “Have you no home, my child?” he shook his head slowly.

“Poor child! I fear you are almost famished,” said the good priest. “The first thing to be done is to get you some food.”

With these words he led the child to a little shop near at hand, where, having seen him eat some bread and soup with much satisfaction, he left him to rest, promising to return in the course of the day. The child had not spoken a word, but he steadily watched every motion of his bene-

factor, and from his little pallet on the floor, he gazed sorrowfully as the clergyman departed, until he glanced back with a smile that at once set his doubts and fears to rest, for he laid back on his pillow and closed his eyes, as if in obedience to the parting injunction to go to sleep.

The priest, as he left the shop, mildly expressed his astonishment and grief that a little child should be found in such a destitute condition, and no one in the neighborhood have the charity to give him even a temporary shelter. But when the woman roughly answered, they "all had enough to do to provide for their own children, and could not afford to be charitable," he turned away in silence. He had seen of late such evidences of the selfishness and inhumanity which the spirit of infidelity was developing in the population of the metropolis. In obedience to its teaching, thousands had abandoned the belief and practice of religion, and in thus throwing off what they called the shackles

of superstition and priestcraft, they had also parted with every virtuous and noble quality. Among the higher classes, this selfishness which was now becoming a prevailing characteristic, was glossed over by an appearance of elegance and refinement. In the humble ranks of life it was leading to that brutal, ungovernable ferocity which a few years later was displayed to a horrified world by the scenes of the reign of terror. The Abbe Capdeville, therefore, did not wonder at the woman's unfeeling and impertinent reply. It was but one more instance of the rapid growth of evils which he with his brother priests deplored, but could not check.

On revisiting his protégé he found his appearance much improved in every respect. The child was eagerly watching for his return, and greeted him with a joyous animation that surprised and delighted his benefactor. He was willing to talk now, but his language was a strange jargon of French and English, and the account he

could give of himself was very brief and unsatisfactory. His name was Tommy; knew nothing of parents, kindred or home; but had lived with different persons, by whom, the priest conjectured, he was neglected and ill-treated; for he seemed to have no pleasant recollection of any, and that he was not ungrateful in disposition was proved by the confiding affection he manifested to his new friend. It further seemed that he had been turned out of doors by his last protectors, and had wandered about the streets until quite exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he had lain down to die where the clergyman found him. All he knew of death was that "he knew a little boy once who staid a long time asleep, he thought, and when he asked if he should not wake Pierre to get his supper they said, no—Pierre would never want supper any more, for he was dead; so he thought it was a good thing to be dead and *want no supper.*" The charitable priest could not refrain from

tears at the artlessly told story, which, brief as it was, showed sufficiently how he had suffered—poor little waif, cast adrift on the great ocean of Parisian life, helpless and forlorn.

But he had fallen into good hands now, for the Abbe Capdeville was known to all Paris as the most tender-hearted and benevolent of men. By many he was always spoken of as “the good priest,” or “our good father.” He reserved nothing for himself beyond the merest necessaries; though advanced in years and somewhat feeble in health, he denied himself every little indulgence which many would consider indispensable, in order to relieve the wants of the poor. Severe only towards himself, he was a model of charity and gentleness towards others. In the Seminary he was beloved alike by professors and students, and, though as renowned for his talents and learning as for his virtues, was meek and unassuming. His calm, benevolent countenance indi-

cated his goodness, and the peace of mind which he preserved under the most trying circumstances.

Such was the worthy priest, to whose heart the forlorn condition of little Tommy appealed with irresistible force. He took him to the Seminary, and made every effort to discover some one on whose love and protection the poor child might have a claim, but no clue was ever obtained to his parentage. His looks and accents indicated that he was English, and he had some confused recollection of once "travelling on water, with a man whom he called father, and who called him Tommy, and who used to take him on his knee and kiss him, but after a while he never saw the man any more." So he came to be generally called, in the Seminary, "Tommy, the English Orphan," and great pity was felt for the forlorn little stranger. He was for a long time shy and distrustful of every one but his benefactor, whom he loved with the strong, ardent affection

of a child's heart that had never before known any one on whom to lavish its love. By degrees he began to manifest some attachment for others in return for the kindness with which he was uniformly treated, but none was ever elevated to the place which his first patron had in his regard. In disposition he proved to be very gentle and docile, and when, by the comfort and happiness he enjoyed in his new home, he lost the wild, haggard, starving look that had rendered him such a forlorn-looking little object, he was found to be quite a handsome and attractive child. His countenance denoted intelligence, also, and yet his mind was almost a blank. Though apparently eight or nine years old, he did not know the alphabet, and had none of the "smartness" possessed by most children of half his age. But in that abode of piety and learning, in which he had happily found to be his home, this want was soon supplied. When he had acquired the rudiments of knowledge,

which was a matter of some difficulty, he evinced an ardent inclination for study; and having so many kind friends, all willing to give him instruction in turn, his progress in learning was both rapid and thorough.

For music Tommy had a superior talent. His voice, though not very powerful, was remarkably clear and sweet, and he soon became a member of the choir. Of instruments, the harp was his favorite. He never wearied of practising, and being a most attentive and pains-taking pupil, gave great satisfaction to his master, who frequently predicted that he would in time become a distinguished performer. In fact, the English orphan was a general favorite in the Seminary, his amiable disposition and quiet studious habits accorded with the place. But his judicious patrons would have liked sometimes to find him more inclined to the active, noisy sports of boyhood; for it was only in obedience to the rules laid down for him that he ever left his books to take amusement or

exercise, and, though he obeyed in such cases with his customary readiness, it was plain that he thought every moment lost which was not devoted to his various studies. He was of a peculiarly tranquil disposition, always cheerful, and easily satisfied. His only trouble seemed to be the fear of displeasing the *Abbe Capdeville*, to please whom was his constant care. A chat or walk with his beloved benefactor, or an opportunity of doing him any service, was Tommy's greatest enjoyment; and probably much of the assiduity he displayed in mastering whatever he undertook, arose from his extreme solicitude to give full satisfaction to him, whose gentle smile or word of approval more than repaid his exertions. The good priest on his part was every day more satisfied with his *protégé*, and more thankful that he had been the agent in rescuing this promising lad from the sad fate which had seemed to threaten him. It was his delight, after a day spent in

the arduous duties of his sacred office, to sit awhile in the gathering twilight, while Tommy performed on the harp, sacred or melancholy airs, which accorded with the taste of both. Thus more than seven years had passed happily, but those peaceful times were soon to end.

After that fatal 10th of August, 1792, when the last hopes of the King were rudely dispelled, persecution became the lot of the Church as well as of royalty. The priests were constantly menaced and insulted; they performed their sacred functions amid difficulties and dangers; still the heroic spirit of the priesthood carried them dauntlessly through all. But when the revolutionary constitution came to be enforced, to their other trials was added that greatest grief the priest can experience—to be unable to bestow on his afflicted and terrified flock the consolation of religion—to be debarred from administering those holy sacraments which would strengthen and sustain them in the

time of peril. Some of the clergy took the constitutional oaths—a portion from a transient weakness or cowardly feeling, of which they afterwards repented through the grace of God—others deliberately sacrificed their duty to God to what they chose to consider their duty to the Government. But by far the larger number remained faithful, resisting alike the bribes and threats that were employed to induce them to swear to that wicked constitution. Then commenced an active persecution of those intrepid soldiers of Christ. Every one that could be discovered was thrown into a dungeon or brutally murdered by a mob.

The clergy and seminarians of St. Sulpice, of course, shared the dangers of their brethren. Some of their number, convinced that they could no longer be of use in France, made their escape with others to more peaceful countries, especially to the United States, which had the happiness of receiving many of those holy exiles,

whose zealous labors contributed greatly to the spread of Catholicity in the land of their adoption. Among those who remained in Paris and were soon dragged to prison was the Abbe Capdeville. The place of his captivity was the Carmelite Convent. Tommy, almost distracted at the loss of his benefactor, ardently begged of the authorities the privilege of sharing his captivity. The heartless men, who were ready to condemn thousands to a dungeon on the merest suspicion of sympathy for their victims, refused the poor lad's request under the pretence of compassion. But Tommy was indefatigable in his exertions to procure this boon, the only one he craved on earth. He appealed to one after another of the Convention, and at length had the good fortune to meet with one who had formerly been under obligations to the Abbe Capdeville. He, touched by the devotedness of the grateful boy, procured him the coveted order, and Tommy to his inexpressible joy found

himself immured in the dungeon with his reverend friend. As a further favor towards the lad, whose history was well known to him, this humane member also allowed him to keep his harp, which was his greatest treasure. The Abbe, so resigned to his own fate, regretted deeply the imprisonment of Tommy, whose joyous exclamation, "Ah, my father, God has permitted me to be with you again?" touched him deeply.

But Tommy was once more the happiest of the happy. He was with his benefactor, he was surrounded by holy priests of God, to whom he was able to render many little services; again he joined in the prayers and devotional exercises he had been accustomed to from childhood, and the soft, rich tones of his harp often sounded through those consecrated halls, which revolutionary vandalism had plundered and then converted to their own wicked uses. In making this convent the principal scene of the imprisonment and torture

of the clergy they thought to serve their unhallowed cause by turning the abodes of religion and charity into theatres of bloodshed and horror; but it was meet that from that desecrated spot the souls of hundreds of holy martyrs should go up to the throne of Him for whose faith they cheerfully gave up their lives.

The month of September, 1793, opened with the most horrible massacre recorded even of that fearful era. On the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th "days of agony," as a historian has termed them, a mob, hired by the Convention, broke into the various prisons of Paris, and murdered between seven and eight thousand persons; Yes, it is a matter of history, my children, though you may well exclaim in incredulous horror. Such a dreadful event could not be credited were it not that it is established by indisputable authority. The government hired this mob of executioners at the rate of about four dollars a day. Both men and women were engaged in the

horrible business, and they slaughtered the prisoners indiscriminately—the priesthood, the different religious orders and communities, the nobility, all had representatives among these victims of unparalleled brutality; venerable old age and innocent childhood alike were sacrificed. On the first day of this dreadful butchery the holy inmates of the house of Carmelites earned the crown of martyrdom.—When the mob, eager to begin the work of death, surrounded the building, the prisoners were in the chapel, offering their last tribute of praise and prayer to Him in whose presence they were soon to appear. The chapel, despoiled by revolutionary fury of its altar, furniture, and its open tabernacle showing that no longer was the adorable sacrifice offered within its walls, presented a mournful spectacle to those holy priests; one object alone had escaped the sacrilegious plunderers, a crucifix still hung above the altar, and on the dear emblem of redemption and forgiv-

ing love the gaze of all was fixed as they knelt there, unmoved by the wild tumult outside. The Abbe Capdeville recited the litany of the Saints and other prayers in his deep solemn tones; the responses were given as from a choir of martyrs, while above those sweet sounds rose the terrible cries and maledictions of the fierce multitude without, clamoring for the death of those calm, undaunted servants of the the Most High.

But there was one person in the chapel who trembled at every repetition of the threatening outcries; his heart was rent with grief and fear, not for himself, but for another life a thousand times dearer to him than his own. Poor Tommy, in dreadful agitation, traversed the building, stopping at each window to listen, or running into the vestibule, where he tossed his arms wildly about, uttering the most mournful cries, and sobbing convulsively. Some persons who had ventured in, looked compassionately at the youth, and said to one another, that his senses were leaving

him, his great grief had turned his brain. They wished to spare him the dreadful spectacle about to take place, and urged him to leave the chapel ; but he resolutely refused, and at last returning to his reverend friend, took his station by his side as if resolved not to be separated from him. Just then the doors were forced open, windows were broken, and the murderers, entering at several points simultaneously, began their work. In a few moments the steps of the altar, the floor of the sanctuary and the chapel were inundated with blood. Some of the holy martyrs were poniarded as they knelt, others were thrown against the stone floor or walls with such force, that their brains were dashed out. To this day the place of martyrdom retains the fearful crimson stains that tell of the scene there enacted ; and in the library is still preserved a copy of the New Testament, which was taken from the pocket of one of the martyrs, pierced with twenty-two dagger thrusts, its every page marked with gore.

The work of death was soon accomplished on the unresisting victims. The persecutors hurried away to another scene of slaughter. What a scene they left behind them. The bright sun of September beamed in through the broken windows, and lingered like a glory around those precious forms which had yielded the immortal spirit, to join "that crimson choir" who chant the song of victory around the throne of the "Captain of salvation." "Many, like the venerable Arch-bishop of Arles had fallen like ripened grain beneath the stroke; numbers were cast off in the prime of their useful, holy lives; and there were some whose golden bowl had been broken at the fountain," bright youths whose course of theology was suddenly finished, and who, instead of the tonsure had won the martyr's crown. And on all the holy calm of heaven rested; no sign of a violent death on those tranquil brows, on those lips whose last accents had breathed love to God—forgiveness to man.

The Abbe Capdeville had fallen across the steps of the altar, his last impulse one of tender, self-forgetful charity, to extend his mangled hand to Tommy as he fell, with a smile that was a parting benediction. That smile remained on his placid countenance. He looked as if enjoying a tranquil slumber, and the poor boy, who was now really insane, becoming convinced that his dear master slept, knelt quietly beside the lifeless form to watch for its awaking. He seemed to behold no longer the fearful scene of slaughter, but knelt there in patient hope, never once moving his eyes from the beloved countenance, until the last rays of the sun had disappeared, leaving the chapel wrapped in twilight gloom. Then, as if with a sudden recollection, he brought his harp and sitting down beside the corpse, played the sweet airs the good Abbe used to like to hear at that hour. And at the conclusion of each strain he would stoop softly down to see if his benefactor had not *yet* awakened, and finding

the tranquil sleep still continued, renew his soothing melodies. Those whom Christian zeal had led to the chapel to remove the precious remains of the martyrs from the possession of the persecutors, beheld with tears the poor boy's occupation.— They would not disturb him in his happy unconsciousness of what had taken place. At last the soft tones of the harp melted into silence. Slumber had fallen on the watching eyes, and poor Tommy was carried away to his bed. That lethargic sleep lasted for two days and nights; he awoke, apparently refreshed and vigorous, but it was soon found that reason had fled forever.

Every day he passed in perfect silence, to all appearance unconscious of everything around him, until the clock struck three—the hour of the martyrdom. The moment that hour struck, Tommy, forgetting his listlessness, would run to seek his harp, and leaning against the ruins of the altar, on the very spot where he had

been bereaved of all he loved, play the old accustomed airs. While thus employed his features, so vacant during the previous hours, became again animated and expressive. He paused sometimes as if expecting to hear the gentle words of approval that formerly rewarded his efforts; then resuming his employment continued till the clock struck six, when leaving off abruptly, he would say, with a sigh of gentle submission—“*Not yet!—but to-morrow he will speak to his child!*” Then, kneeling down, he would pray fervently for a while, rise with a smothered sigh of disappointment, and steal away on tiptoe, fearing to disturb the slumbers of his benefactor. Day after day for months the same affecting scene took place. Having no home, and being an object of general commiseration, Tommy was allowed to remain in the prison, and his peculiar form of insanity was so touching and harmless that no one interfered with him. He was permitted to continue the melancholy occu-

pation which for three hours each day gave him hope and interest.

Other prisoners took the place of the martyred priests within the house of Carmelites. Among others the amiable Madame de Beauharnais was here imprisoned, (as I have already related,) during the succeeding summer. "With shudderings," as she described to her aunt, she crossed "that threshold still humid with blood," and sadly reflected, "for what outrages are not those men prepared who did not punish the execrable crimes committed here!" In prison, as afterwards upon the throne, devoted to benevolence, the amiable Josephine regretted that she "was now without the power of doing good, since she could not move among those who were more comfortless than herself." But in this she was mistaken. Her unvarying kindness and cheerfulness comforted those of the prisoners with whom she was allowed to associate, and she found in the friendless Tommy an object on whom to

expend her active sympathy. It is from her correspondence that we learn the chief particulars of his touching story. Before she saw him, her gentle heart was moved by the recital of the scene which took place day after day; for it was a frequent subject of conversation among those who noticed how the youth, apparently dead to all other cares and feelings, watched daily the recurrence of that hour indelibly stamped on his heart rather than on his memory, which awakened ever the same loving hope, destined to be ever disappointed. When at length Josephine was permitted to see the object of her gentle pity, at the sight of that boyish countenance on which to use her own expression, "were depicted so many griefs and virtues," her interest was so much increased in the friendless orphan, that she wrote a full account of his mournful history to her husband, to beguile him for a few moments from his own sorrows by occupying his benevolent mind with the sorrows of others. The

Vicomte's reply gives us a pleasing exemplification of his goodness of heart. He informed his wife that having read her letter more than once privately, he then read it to his fellow-prisoners, who each, like himself, shed tears over little Tommy's misfortunes, and resolved that such a touching example of gratitude and virtue, in an epoch marked by the greatest crimes, must not remain in obscurity. Hence one proposed to paint the portrait of Tommy as soon as opportunity offered; another would employ his literary talents in bringing the narrative prominently before the public, and it was hoped that these offerings would lay the foundation of the orphan's fortune. Monsieur de Beauharnais himself had a plan for still more befriending the object of all this admiring solicitude. He proposed to adopt him as a member of his family, when it should please God to reunite them once more, attaching the forsaken youth to the fortunes of his son, Eugene, who could

not fail to derive benefit from the companionship of one so virtuous and unfortunate. He urged his wife not to lose sight of this idea, which, if it could be realized, would enable them to gain the most affecting of recollections from the most painful occurrences of their lives.

Josephine, delighted with this project, lost no time in imparting it to Tommy, who listened at first with the listless air now habitual to him. By degrees, however, the kindness and gentleness of Madame de Beauharnais won upon him, and he consented to the plan, but on one express condition, that upon the second day of every month he should be permitted to come to the prison, and charm the dreams of his sleeping friend and father, from three to six o'clock, by the music of his harp. The kind-hearted lady, moved to tears by so affecting a delirium, willingly assented to the condition. Thus benevolent friendship seemed about to bless the forlorn boy once more. But alas, those

kind intentions were not to be realized. The vicomte perished on the scaffold ; his wife, barely escaping a similar fate, was suddenly released with some of the other prisoners, and in the confusion following the death of the tyrant and the unexpected change of affairs, all traces of the hapless Tommy was lost. Madame de Beauharnais, more than ever anxious to carry out the benevolent plan which was almost the last desire of her husband, had inquiries made as soon as opportunity was afforded, but no clue to his fate could be obtained. Most probably the poor lad perished of grief and want, when his sudden discharge from prison sent him bewildered and utterly helpless out on the great city, which had no care for an uncomplaining sufferer, when hardship and privation were the common lot of all.

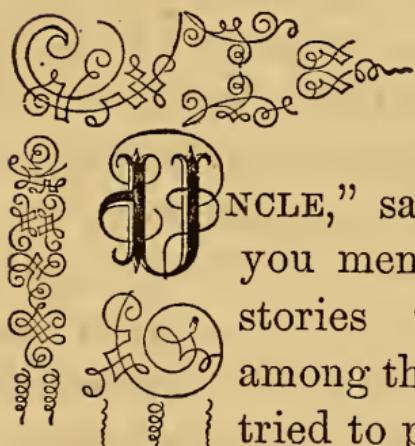
“ Poor Tommy ! Perhaps he was killed in some out-of-the-way place,” said Maggie.

“ I think it more likely that he died of starvation,” rejoined her father. “ All

France was at that time suffering from famine; how, indeed, could it be otherwise in the distracted state of the country? In Paris, such was the scarcity that bread was subjected to legal restrictions, two ounces only, and that of an inferior quality, being allowed to each person. Then was seen the strange sight of guests invited to the tables of even the most opulent, bringing their own *allowance of bread*. At such a time there could be little chance of one so poor and friendless as Tommy escaping starvation. Madame de Beauharnais herself would have suffered, but for the kindness of one of her friends, for until the restoration of a portion of her husband's confiscated property, she had no resources. Madame Dumoulin, knowing this, daily invited her to her table, and exempted her from the necessity of bringing her own bread, so that as the grateful Josephine often said, pleasantly, when Empress—‘to Madame Dumoulin I was actually indebted for my *daily bread*.’”

CHAPTER V.

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.



UNCLE," said Richard, "I think you mentioned in one of your stories that Lafayette was among those brave officers who tried to protect the King from injury and insult. Our school history represents him as an ardent friend of the French Republic and Commander of the National Guard. Is this incorrect? I hope it is, for I shouldn't like *our* Lafayette to have anything to do with those horrid republicans."

“Your history is correct,” replied Mr. White, “but in neglecting to state that he afterwards abandoned the cause of the Republic, it leaves you under a wrong impression. In abridging histories and biographies for general use, however, many material points have to be omitted or very briefly alluded to. There is, besides, among some American writers of late, a strange disposition shown to laud the French revolutionists, and gloss over their atrocities as springing naturally from the circumstances in which they were placed. We are asked to believe that their intentions were at first simply to free their country from the arbitrary rule of kings and priests—which these writers represent as having been oppressive beyond endurance; and that the extravagant excesses into which they afterwards fell, were caused by the war which was made on the infant Republic, by other nations of Europe in behalf of the Bourbons. Indeed one of these popular histories of the day, goes so

far as to assert that it is probable that the *royal party* instigated the outrages committed against religion and humanity, in order that the republican cause might be rendered odious, and the people induced to submit again to the monarchy for the sake of protection. The atrocity of this slander is equaled only by its absurdity, for how can any rational being imagine that the royalists would instigate the populace to commit such barbarities on themselves, their families and friends? Be on your guard against such books, my children. Sometimes they are written in very attractive style, the better to insinuate their poison into the unsuspecting or youthful mind. Their authors, while affecting to be most liberal and impartial, lose no opportunity of villifying, either openly, or by inference, the Church and her faithful members, and strive to exalt her basest enemies—men, who have proved themselves to be devoid of every religious or moral sentiment—as patriots, heroes,

Christians. How easily this can be done we have evidence in our own times. Victor Emanuel is lauded by almost the entire *religious* and secular press as the noblest, most exalted of characters, simply because he has plundered and oppressed the Church of God, and because his deluded champions imagine he will succeed in overthrowing *Popery*. We thus see for ourselves that even some really good persons, candid and sensible in other matters, quite lose the ability to judge sensibly of any subject in which Catholicity is concerned.

The French Revolution was characterized by deeds of violence and horrors from its very commencement. That a few illustrious men like Lafayette, Beauharnais and Bailly, were misled into joining its ranks proves nothing in its favor, for a bad cause always assumes a fair appearance that deludes some at the outset, who upon learning its true character shrink from it with abhorrence. It was thus with Lafayette. Scarcely had he been ap-

pointed Commander of the National Guard than he resigned on account of the ferocious disposition manifested by the rioters of Paris. He was persuaded to resume command, and the most solemn pledges given that such scenes should not be repeated; pledges which were of course violated; and, at length, heart-sick and despairing, he abandoned a party which he could not influence for good, and became a voluntary exile from the land of his birth. He had scarcely left France when he was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and incarcerated in the fortress at Olmutz. For five years he was retained in captivity, though petitions from many quarters for his release were presented to the Emperor of Austria. His imprisonment was, perhaps, fortunate; for otherwise he would in all probability have fallen into the hands of the revolutionists, who would have quickly sent him to the guillotine as a traitor to the Republic. During his imprisonment an incident occurred which will interest you, as an American was particularly concerned in it.

Finding that there was no chance of the Marquis being released, two young men, both strangers to him, undertook to rescue him from his dungeon. They were Dr. Bolman, a medical student at Hanover, and Colonel Huger, an American, then travelling in Europe. These young gentlemen had conceived an ardent friendship for each other; they were enthusiastic admirers of the gallant Frenchman, and from sympathizing in his misfortune, soon resolved, with the generous impulses of youth, to effect his deliverance. After much consultation with each other a plan was adopted that seemed likely to be successful. Colonel Huger feigned sickness, and Dr. Bolman, in the character of his physician, recommended travel and change of air, and to insure the success of his prescription accompanied the pretended invalid on his journey. Having visited several German towns they came in due course to Olmutz. They soon managed to become acquainted with Lafayette's jailer, a kind-hearted man, who taking a

liking to the polite, sociable young strangers, and suspecting no danger, allowed them to lend books to his distinguished prisoner, of course stipulating that he should first examine them. To this they willingly agreed, and in his presence wrote a complimentary message to accompany the first books. The jailer turned over the leaves, and satisfied himself that there was no letter or writing of any kind concealed within. He did not look closely enough, however. On the margin of different pages the young men had written some words which seemed, to the jailer, to refer only to the reading matter, but which when put together, explained who they were and their object in coming to Austria. Lafayette easily comprehended the secret, and in a note of thanks informed his friends that he had read their books with much attention, and was quite charmed with their contents. The unsuspecting jailer, seeing no harm in this polite message, made no difficulty about delivering it, and conveying a suitable reply. Thus he

became the medium of a correspondence which seemed composed of pretty compliments and learned criticisms, but the prisoner's eye saw a great deal that never met his keeper's. Among those marginal notes he had read, "Hold the paper before the fire." He did so with each successive note, when words, written in lemon juice, became visible, and he thus learned the arrangements by which his unknown friends hoped to effect his rescue. Their plan was so simple that they were quite sanguine of success. Colonel Huger had learned from the jailer that the prisoner was permitted occasionally to ride beyond the walls of the town in an open carriage, attended only by an officer who sat beside him, and a mounted soldier who followed the vehicle. As no one dreamed of an attempt on his part to escape, or of others to rescue him, no precaution was used. The two friends laid their plan accordingly.

On an appointed day, well armed and mounted on spirited horses, they left the city, Bolman leading an extra horse which

was intended for Lafayette. They halted at a spot which seemed favorable for their purpose, and as the carriage approached, they dashed up to it, disarmed the officer, put the soldier to flight, and liberated the illustrious captive. Unfortunately the third horse, alarmed by the sudden conflict, broke loose, and fled across the plain. Dr. Bolman rode off in pursuit. The colonel, dismounting, forced Lafayette to take his horse, gave him the weapons taken from the Austrian officer, and pointing out the road he was to take, had the satisfaction of seeing him dash away, and in a few minutes enter a wood which concealed his flight. At the same moment Bolman returned from his useless pursuit; the horse, purposely selected for his spirit and swiftness, had brought both into play, and was gone beyond the possibility of being overtaken. This mishap increased the danger of the adventurers. Resolving to do the best they could, however, they both mounted on Bolman's horse, but had only proceeded a short distance when

behold! another mischance—the animal fell, throwing Bolman to the ground and injuring him severely. They had now a friendly dispute, each insisting that the other should mount and endeavor to save himself. Huger gained the point, and assisting his friend to the saddle, put an end to the argument by darting off to secure his own safety on foot.

Meanwhile it is not to be supposed that the Austrians remained ignorant of their captive's rescue, or indifferent to recovering him. Already the cavalry had started in eager chase. The generous Huger was soon captured; Bolman, when they overtook him, pretended to be in pursuit, and being a German, was not suspected of having anything to do in the rescue. Lafayette, well mounted and having considerable start of his pursuers, had every prospect of escape, but coming to a place where the roads forked, he unfortunately chose the wrong one. After proceeding some distance, being uncertain of his whereabouts, he made inquiries of a peasant,

who observing him closely, suspected him to be a fugitive, and gave him a wrong direction. In a short time he was recaptured, and sent back under a strong guard to Olmutz. Two days afterwards, Bolman also was taken. Thus the plan which had seemed to promise entire success, had failed through a succession of untoward circumstances, and not only was Lafayette once more in duress, but his enthusiastic champions also were placed in peril. This was a source of keen sorrow to the Marquis, who deeply regretted not having dissuaded the gallant youths from their enterprise; while they, on their part, would not have minded their ill-luck had *he* escaped.

Huger was now also an inmate of the fortress, fettered and closely guarded. On the third day of his imprisonment he was summoned to undergo an examination before the chief officers, civil and military, of Olmutz. Standing there in chains before his frowning enemies, young Huger looked less a culprit than a hero. He was

threatened with death unless he revealed the names of his fellow-conspirators, and all the détails of his bold attempt against the Austrian empire; but his intrepid bearing told that whatever might be his doom he would meet it so as to add fresh lustre to the name he bore—a name so distinguished in the annals of Maryland and South Carolina. Carefully refraining from the utterance of a word that could implicate the jailer, Bolman, or Lafayette himself, in his enterprise, he yet boldly avowed what his object had been, and regretted only its failure. Briefly, but with impassioned eloquence he recounted the services Lafayette had rendered to America, and asked if he, an American, could know of his unjust and rigorous captivity, and make no effort to effect his deliverance. This noble sentiment, and the question with which he abruptly closed, “Is there one of you, gentlemen, who would not have done the same?”—thrilled one at least of his judges with admiration and sympathy.

Count Otho, the commandant of the fortress, answered impulsively:

“I judge of others by my own feelings. The attempt to injure me, by rescuing my prisoner, I freely forgive, and if ever I shall need a friend, I wish that friend may be an *American*.”

How the heart of the gallant Southerner, so sensitive to the honor of his far-away home, must have swelled at that generous compliment. Others were not partakers of Count Otho’s magnanimity, and Huger was kept for a long time in rigorous confinement. Eventually, however, both he and his *fellow-conspirator* were restored to liberty.

Another passage from the history of that time I will mention as also characteristic of the lively gratitude with which the heroic Marquis was regarded by the people on whose struggling land he had conferred incalculable benefits.

At the time that Lafayette was thus imprisoned at Olmutz, his wife was thrown into prison in Paris, by the revolutionary

authorities. Her mother and grandmother had already been sacrificed to the popular fury against the *aristocrats*, and there was no doubt that in a few days she also would be led to the guillotine. Mr. Monroe (afterwards President,) was then Minister from the United States to France. When he learned of Madame Lafayette's imprisonment, his keenest sympathies were at once aroused. Of all men he alone could do any thing in her behalf, for the *Republic* of France, then professed great friendship for the American Republic, and aware of the regard entertained by the latter for Lafayette and his family, might listen to an appeal from Mr. Monroe. But it was necessary to proceed with caution, for the populace ruled as well as the Convention, and would have little scruple in taking the Ambassador's life if he incurred their displeasure. Mr. Monroe consulted his wife, who quickly convinced him that her intervention in the matter would be more efficacious with the mob than his, and obtained, though with difficulty, his con-

sent to try a plan which just occurred to her mind.

At that unfortunate era, the least appearance of splendor was almost certain to doom to destruction its possessor. Indeed, instances are on record of persons being brought to the guillotine for presuming to wear a better dress than the republican rabble approved. To avoid certain death, therefore, all appearance of wealth and luxury was carefully avoided. No private carriage was to be seen on the streets; the most opulent citizens either walked, or rode in the republican vehicles. So it could not fail to create a general sensation when the splendid equipage of the American Minister appeared at the gate of the prison, and Mrs. Monroe calmly informed the keeper that she had come to see the wife of *General Lafayette*. The news spread in all directions, and soon a dense crowd collected around the carriage. It was not a noisy, frenzied multitude, such as daily assembled in those thoroughfares. The utmost quiet prevailed; men and

women looked at each other, at the elegant carriage, and the high-mettled horses, which, impatient at the delay, pawed the ground and tossed their heads proudly, as if conscious of being the object of general attention; then all eyes were directed to the prison, and still entire silence prevailed—one word would have wrought the crowd up to its customary ferocious excitement, but happily no word was spoken.

In the meantime Mrs. Monroe had obtained admission to Madame Lafayette's cell; she had the distracted lady in her arms, caressing and soothing her with sisterly affection. Madame Lafayette's situation was indeed distressing. From that gloomy prison her idolized mother and venerable grandmother had been led to execution a few days previous: her family were scattered and all in danger; for her two fair daughters especially her maternal solicitude was most agonizing; their father in an Austrian prison; herself every hour expecting a summons to the dreaded guillotine. Alas! at that dismal

epoch how overwhelming were the trials to which noble, virtuous women were subjected—superhuman courage alone could have sustained them. The hapless lady, when she heard her prison bolts withdrawn, imagined she was to be led to execution: she was in a state bordering on distraction, and it was long ere her visitor's gentle, loving ministrations could soothe and reassure her. Mrs. Monroe remained with her as long as she was permitted, weeping and sympathizing in her grief as wife and mother, and encouraging her by assurances that she should be saved; that Mr. Monroe had determined to risk all if it became necessary, to effect her release. This promise she repeated again and again, and with additional solemnity when she embraced the sad prisoner at parting. When Madame Lafayette, clinging fondly to her warm-hearted friend, warned her of the danger her husband might incur in his generous undertaking, she answered with energy: "I would not say a word to hold him back—it is his duty—what

would *our country* be if *your* brave husband had not risked everything in its defence!"

These words, repeated by one of the keepers, were circulated among the crowd and deepened the feeling of compassionate interest which the meeting of two such women under such circumstances was calculated to awaken. Even a revolutionary mob was sometimes accessible to a touch of feeling, and perhaps the natural vanity of Frenchmen was gratified by being reminded how much the great Republic across the ocean was indebted to their countryman. At any rate the work was done. Loud and enthusiastic "Vivas" for America and for France broke from the assembled thousands, and became almost terrific when Mrs. Monroe, still in tears, was handed into her carriage, and gracefully bowed her acknowledgment of the compliment paid to her country. The whole multitude attended her home, for the double purpose of honoring the representative of the United States, and of opposing any of their compatriots whose

ire might break forth at sight of the splendid equipage. The feelings of Mr. Monroe during all this time no language could describe. He dared not accompany his wife to the prison; that would counteract the feeling which must be awakened in order to save the prisoner. His heroic wife had accurately counted on the effect of such an uncommon scene, as well as of thus venturing alone and defenceless among the *brave people*, as they liked to be called. But she often said afterwards that in all the scenes of her life she never experienced such a variety of intense emotions as during that hour, calm as she seemed to her admiring escort. Happily her generous stratagem was crowned with success. Mr. Monroe, relieved of anxiety by her safe return, followed up the impression she had made, and so finally obtained Madame Lafayette's release as a personal favor.

THE END.

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